The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

From the Cleveland Leader.

OBERLIN PRISONERS SET FREE.

The attempt to enforce the Fugitive Slave Act in the Western Reserve by Government officials for political effect, has resulted in a most disastrous defeat of the projectors and of the whole scheme.

Never were a set of men worse used than have been Jennings, Bacon, and Mitchell,the Kentucky slave owner and slave catchers who tried to seize a negro in Oberlin, by the Government officials who sought to make a good thing out of it for themselves and for Democracy. The prosecutions were commenced without the knowledge or consent of those who claimed to have even a running interest in "John," and they have been obliged to leave their homes repeatedly at the call of these officials for the purpose of working the conviction of the object of their political hatred and unrelenting persecution.

We deem it unnecessary to refer now to the charges and rulings of the Jeffreys Court, the packing of Juries in the trials to secure verdicts contrary to well known Law—that has become a matter of history to be read hereafter with shame—but we desire to speak of the manly and consistent course pursued by the prisoners in the face of all those attempts to crush them and their cause, and the complete triumph that they have achieved.

After the Supreme Court at Columbus had remanded Bushnell and Langston to Jail, the boasting of Marshal Johnson and Judge Belden was very loud and insolent—they declaring that new quarters should be given to the Oberlin men, that they should every one of them be tried, and they should all be convicted, and that they should be taught to obey the laws, &c., &c.,—which was continued until the return of their Kentucky associates for their approaching trials in Lorain county.

These chivalrous gentlemen never liked the appearance of things at Elyria, and it was difficult for the government officials to coax them into the custody of Sheriff Burr at the time they surrendered themselves. They seemed to lack confidence in the protection which had been promised them, and when they came up here ten days ago, there was evidently no better show for them than before, notwithstanding all the bravado uttered for them.

Meantime the Prisoners had settled quietly in their quarters, ready to spend a year if need be, in jail, rather than to give bail or do any act which they considered a recognition of the validity of the Fugitive Slave Act. They had gone to work advocating the doctrines in which they believe by the publication of "The Rescuer," a paper of their own getting up. The power of a Free Press from prison is potent.

The people too, were being aroused as they seldom are on any subject, and were contributing cheerfully for the support of the prisoners—in fact, the war had but just begun. Moreover, all attempts at avoiding the trials of the kidnappers at Elyria, before an honest jury of Lorain County had utterly failed, and Columbus bid more fair to be the place where Anderson Jennings would spend next winter than did Frankfort, Ky.

Next, what do we see? Why these same valorous Government Officials who had been to Washington for orders, and had pledged themselves to carry them out, are seen the day before the Court opens at Elyria, making the proposition to the Lorain authorities to "cry quits!"—to take back all their threats and enter nollies against some twenty Lorain citizens, if by that means they would get their Kentucky friends out of the scrape, and themselves too!

This proposition the Lorain Officials magnanimously agreed to, not wishing to pursue the deluded Kentuckians—guilty though they undoubtedly were—so long as the prime movers in these outrages were willing to cease their persecutions of good men for such an offence as helping a hunted man to get his liberty.

So the nollies are entered accordingly, and the Rescuers of Oberlin go home in triumph, so far as they are personally concerned. They have made no concessions, asked no Government favors; only the rights of free men. But the infamous law remains upon the statute book a disgrace to the age in which we live.

THE RESCUERS' RESOLVES.

At a full meeting of the "Oberlin Rescue Company," held in Cuyahoga County Jail immediately after their discharge from custody, it was unanimously

Resolved, That as we take leave of the prison in which we have been confined for the last three months, we cannot refuse to ourselves the privilege of giving public expression of our gratitude to God, who has been our constant keeper, and who, as we have passed through sore difficulties and trials, has well fulfilled the promise, "as thy day so shall thy strength be."

We also return thanks to Sheriff Wightman, and Jailor Smith and family, whose kindness has greatly mitigated our troubles; and to the Attorneys who have nobly defended our cause, to the friends, far and near, who by prayer and act have remembered us, and to that portion of the Press which has given us constant and valuable aid.

Resolved, That after all the pains and penalties inflicted upon us by Government Officials in the attempt to enforce the Fugitive Slave Act, we feel it to be our duty to say, that our hatred and opposition to that unjust and unconstitutional Law is more intense than ever before.

No fine or imprisonment however enforced by whatever Court, can induce us to yield to obedience. We will hereafter, as we have heretofore, help the panting fugitive to escape from those who would enslave him, whatever may be the authority under which they may act.

Resolved, That, in our opinion, when duties enjoined by the Word of God and illustrated in the example of Christ are punished in our country as crimes, it becomes all loyal citizens to ask themselves whether they have not lost the substance of their liberties, and whether they should not use instant and earnest endeavors to recover the rights which they have lost.

Resolved, That, for the sake of Liberty, Justice and Right, we rejoice that the recent decision of our Supreme Court, affirming the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Act, has already met with emphatic public rebuke, and that we exhort the people of Ohio to protest against that decision until, by a reversal of it, the lost dignity and sovereignty of our noble commonwealth shall be restored to her.

Resolved, That we furnish a copy of the above resolutions to the Daily Morning *Leader* for publication.

J. M. FITCH, Chairman.

S. M. BUSHNELL, Secretary.

CUYAHOGA Co. JAIL, Cleveland, O., July 6, 1859.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The following correspondence sufficiently explains itself.

Hon. Geo. W. Belden, U. S. District Attorney for the Northern District of Ohio.

SIR: The undersigned, believing that the convictions already had in the prosecutions for the rescue of the boy John, are a sufficient vindication of the law; and in view of the fact that a large portion of us are residents of another State, and are remaining here at very great personal inconvenience and sacrifice; and of the further fact, that the authorities having charge of the indictments pending in the Court of Common Pleas of Lorain county, against us, are willing to dismiss the same, upon condition that those pending against Peck, Plumb and others, in the District Court of the United States,are not further prosecuted, we therefore suggest these facts, and respectfully ask that you will, with the consent of the Court, enter a *nolle prosequi*, in each of the indictments referred to, now pending in the said District Court of the United States. This course will relieve us from great trouble, anxiety and expense, and not, as we conceive, compromit in the least, the perfect vindication of the laws of Congress already accomplished in the convictions above referred to.

It is proper to inform you that this arrangement is made with the explicit and distinct understanding, that the civil remedies to which we, or Mr. Bacon, the owner of the boy John, may be entitled are in no respect interfered with or impaired; and it is also due to us to say that we made every reasonable exertion to surrender ourselves to the authorities of Lorain county, with a view of having the writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, executed upon us, that the matterscharged against us, might be fairly, impartially and clearly heard, but were defeated in this purpose by the intentional absence of the officers by law authorized to take the surrender, and receive service of the writ.

Very respectfully, A. D. JENNINGS, J. K. LOWE, SAMUEL DAVIS, R. P. MITCHELL.

Cleveland, Ohio, July 5, 1859.

HON. G. W. BELDEN, U. S. Dist. Att'y—SIR: Under our counsel and advice, Messrs. Jennings, Mitchell, Lowe, &c., have agreed with the State officers having charge of the prosecution against them, in consideration of their dismissal in the Lorain Court to ask you to enter, with the consent of the Court, *nolle prosequi*, in the case pending against Plumb, Peck and others, in the District Court of the United States. The Constitution and laws of Congress relating to fugitive slaves, have had a just and righteous vindication in the conviction of a portion of the rescuers, after a fair and impartial trial by a jury selected from the body of the citizens of the Northern District of your State, and by the voluntary plea of guilty, by others, and their punishment by the Court. As Kentuckians, this all we could ask at your hands. The parties yet under indictment, have been imprisoned already for a longer term than they would perhaps have been, if convicted; and there appearing to be no very imperative reason under all the circumstances, why they should be further proceeded against, we earnestly unite with Messrs. Jennings, &c, in the above request, Mr. Bacon reserving to himself all the civil remedies to which he is entitled.

Most cordially thanking you and your colleagues, for the fidelity, firmness and patriotism, which have characterised your conduct in these unpleasant prosecutions, we have the honor to be,

Your obedient servants,

R. H. STANTON,
ROBT. A. COCHRAN,
JNO. O. BACON.

CLEVELAND, O., July 6, 1859.

CLEVELAND, O., July 6. 1859.

It is due to the Hon. G. W. Belden and other officers of the United States Government, to say that he, nor neither of them, had any agency whatever, either directly or indirectly, originating or perfecting the settlement agreed upon between Messrs. Jennings and others, and the Attorneys engaged in the prosecutions of the indictments in Lorain County against them. Whatever responsibility is attached to the agreement or settlement belongs to Messrs. Jennings, &c., and to us as the friends and Attorneys of the parties and to none others.

R. H. STANTON,
D. K. CARTTER.

From the National Intelligencer.

CASE UNDER THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

A case of peculiar character and more than ordinary interest, both to professional and lay readers, came before Judge Merrick on Tuesday morning,the facts of which appear to be as follows: John Witmer, of Washington county, Maryland, bought certain slaves from the late General Lingan of Maryland. One of the Women thus purchased gave birth to a child who was named Agnes Robinson. The mother of Agnes was set free at some time after the birth of Agnes. Agnes herself was also manumitted by her master, John Witmer, in 1847. Shortly afterwards Agnes came to Washington city to live, with the full knowledge of Daniel Witmer, and in about the year 1849 herself became a mother. Daniel Witmer now claims Agnes and her child as fugitives,asserting his property in them under a bill of sale dated in 1844. The father, John Witmer, died last Summer, and the son made no claim on Agnes until after the death of his father. Further, the bill of sale under which he claims was never recorded in Washington county, Maryland, until the present month, though the girl had visited for a considerable time Daniel Witmer's place of abode in that county.

The claimant in support of his claim produced a certified copy of a record of the Orphan's Court of Washington county, Maryland, consisting of the petition of the claimant, not sworn to, and the deposition of Benjamin Witmer, setting forth that Agnes had been the slave of John Witmer, the father of the claimant, and was sold by him to the claimant by bill of sale on the 6th of May, 1844, and was afterwards in the possession of the claimant, and that she passed out of his possession about twelve years ago. The record contained a copy of the bill of sale. The original was not produced here,and it did not appear from the copy to have been acknowledged or recorded. The deposition did not allege that Agnes or her child was fled from labor. There was no judgment of the Orphan's Court; and the proceedings in that Court were confined to Agnes, the child not being included.

Mr. Davidge, who appeared for the respondents offered in evidence a duly certified copy of a deed of manumission from John Witmer, the father, to Agnes, dated July 5, 1847, duly acknowledged and recorded, and the free papers issued to her thereupon; and he offered witnesses to show that the claimant never had possession of Agnes as his slave, that the bill of sale had been virtually abandoned by the father and his son, the claimant, that shortly after her manumission she came to this city (where her mother, who had also been manumitted by John Witmer, resided,) and has since, with the knowledge of the claimant, lived here as a free woman and been treated and recognized as such; and that Agnes was in no sense a fugitive and could not be remanded in this proceeding.

Judge Merrick ruled that under the 10th section of the Fugitive Slave Law, the copy of the record of the Orphan's Court was conclusive, and that the only open question was that of identity. He therefore excluded the evidence offered on behalf of the negroes.

It was objected that the copy of the record could not be conclusive, not being in accordance with the 10th section, which relates to the courts of record, which the Orphan's Court of Maryland are not; that the Orphan's Court had, under the law of Maryland, a limited jurisdiction, confined to testamentary and other specific subjects, and had no power to act in the premises: that the act of Congress, with a view to the protection of the rights of the negro, did not embrace every court, but had reference to the State tribunals having common law jurisdiction, and of higher dignity, and with authority to entertain a complaint of this nature; and that no act of Congress could confer jurisdiction on a State tribunal.

The Judge overruled these objections, and held, as above, that a copy of the record was conclusive.

The copy of the record held to be conclusive did not embrace the child; she not being mentioned in it, and it was urgied that as, under the ruling of the Judge, this proceeding was auxiliary to the proceeding in the Orphan's Court of Maryland, and as the child was not embraced in that proceeding, she could not be delivered to the claimant; and that if, on the other hand, this proceeding were original, then, under the sixth section of the act, it was competent to show that the child was not a runaway and was free. Evidence to that effect was offered, as it had been previously offered in the case of the mother. The Judge held the matter under advisement until Wednesday morning, when he ruled that the record was equally conclusive upon the child, and refused to allow the introduction of any evidence save such as would go to show that she was not the child born since the residence of Agnes here.

Agnes and her daughter were then delivered into the custody of the claimant.

Counsel for claimant, Messrs. J. M. Carlisle and John McCutcheon; for respondents Messrs. Walter D. Davidge and Asbury Lloyd.

THE NATIONAL ERA.—A Washington dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial states that negotiations have been going on since the death of Dr. Bailey, to secure the National Era for a party paper for the Republican Presidential candidate. Don Piatt, of Ohio, it is understood, will take charge of it as the organ of Mr. Chase.

From the Mississippian, June 24.

CAN A FREE NEGRO OF ANOTHER STATE TAKE PROPERTY BY WILL IN MISSISSIPPI?

IMPORTANT DECISION OF THE HIGH COURT OF ERRORS AND APPEALS.

A case involving the right of a free negro of another state to take property by will in this state has recently been adjudicated by the High Court of Errors and Appeals; and as the decision embraces principles of the utmost magnitude, we have improved the earliest opportunity to spread it before the public. The able and lucid decision was pronounced by Judge Harris—Chief Justice Smith concurring. It is proper to mention that a dissenting opinion was delivered by Judge Handy.

The following summary will facilitate the general reader in arriving at an exact comprehension of the points decided by the court:

1. A free negro from another state, without permission by our laws is incapable of taking property by will in this state.

2. In the absence of positive law in this state securing to them rights here, neither the citizens nor inhabitants of other states or nations have any rights in the state of Mississippi, except those resulting from the laws of comity existing among civilized states and nations.

3. It is especially true of the African, according to the case of Scott *agt.* Sanford, 19th Howd., that he has no rights but such as those who hold the government and the power choose to give him.

4. For more than a century before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, Africans were regarded as beings of an inferior order, and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. They were bought and sold as ordinary articles of merchandise. And this opinion and practice was at that time fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race, and was directly introduced into the colonies here by the government of Great Britain.

5. This state of public opinion had undergone no change when our Constitution was adopted, as is evident from its provisions and language.

6. After the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the different states still regarded them as an inferior race not embraced in its provisions, and therefore not entitled to the privileges and immunities of citizens of other states.

7. The reason for this is that they are alien strangers of an inferior class, incapable of comity; with whom our government has no commercial, social or diplomatic intercourse.

8. That with barbarians, savages, perpetual enemies or persons who neither acknowledge nor [illegible] reciprocity of rights or obligations. They are to be regarded, therefore, not as alien friends, but as alien enemies; not personal enemies—but as alien strangers—who neither extend nor receive the comity and civility which belong to enlightened nations, and are incapable of their appreciation or enjoyment.

9. It is only by virtue of the municipal law of each state or nation, or by the law of civilized nations—which is regarded as a part of the municipal law of each—that aliens have any rights at all; and neither the municipal law nor the law of nations has any operation in the territory of those who have not either expressly or impliedly assented to their obligation.

10. The laws of nations embrace civilized nations only, and do not extend to barbarians, savages or others who refuse to recognize them.

11. Under our statute law the descendants of all female slaves lawfully in this state, are slaves.

12. A negro, by the laws of this state, is *prima facie* a slave.

13. Under our statutes negroes may be divided into three classes:

First—Slaves, or those legally held to service for life, and the descendants of the females of them.

Second—Free negroes or free persons of color, or those slaves and their descendants who have been manumitted; or African negroes who have never been lawfully subjected to slavery here.

Third—Mulattoes, as intended to be embraced in the 2d article of the 1st section of the Code, chapter 23, or those who, though descended from free white mothers, have one-fourth or more negro blood.

All three of these classes are denied political equality or association with the white race, by our statutes.

14. Alien free negroes or mulattoes are expressly prohibited by statute from coming into this state; and on ten days' notice to leave, may be caught or captured by warrant, and by order of the board of county police may be sold into slavery for life for non-compliance.

15. It is the policy of this state to interdict all intercourse, commerce or comity with this race, and to enforce the strictest doctrine of the ancient law applicable to *alien enemies* against them, except as to life or limb, or personal protection.

16. In the absence of laws confirming such rights the African can neither take nor hold property in this state by deed or devise, by descent or purchase, except those free persons of color who may reside here "*permitted*".

17. The free negro, even after manumission here, only stands in the position of an alien friend, or enemies "*permitted*", and is, therefore, only capable of those customary rights which are founded on the *jus naturale* or *jus gentium*.

18. Free negroes "*prohibited*," or who are born in violation of our laws and policy, are entitled to no such rights; they are to be regarded as alien enemies or strangers "*prohibited*" and without the pale of comity; incapable of acquiring or maintaining rights of property in this state which will be recognized by our courts.

19. A bequest to a *free* woman of color, an inhabitant or resident, or citizen of another state, not permitted to reside here by our laws, is void in this state.

It is said that the Hon. Chas. Sumner is betroth ed to Mrs. Thayer, widow of the late John E. Thayer, a millionaire of Boston.

[The following article from a Republican paper, the *Meigs County Telegraph*, we commend to such of our Republican readers as are willing to look at things as they are, and who are not determined, despite all facts and all evidence, to believe that the nomination of Gholson was an anti-slavery triumph, and that his election would be the culmination of the anti-slavery enterprise.]

AMUSEMENTS.

We believe in amusements—that is in what will cause a good laugh without doing injury to any one. Hence to a certain extent, the ludicrous, the absurd, the antics of the monkey, the buffoonery of the clown—all in their way may occasion a species of momentary merriment in an idle hour, which is good for the health. But if any of our readers are troubled with the dyspepsia,causing an unusual fit of the blues, requiring a heartier laugh than ordinary to throw the blood into active circulation, we would advise them to get a copy of the Ohio "Statesman", or some other Democratic paper and read, at leisure "spells," the mock heroics displayed over what they are pleased to call the "slaughter" of Judge Swan by the Republican State Convention.

We admit it is not a sign of humanity to be amused at the tortures of animals, much less of things in human shape. But we can assure our readers that these fellows are not in the misery they pretend—that their grimaces are pure shams—their contortions the not-very-well-counterfeited spasms of real fits—their supposed swoonings, the overdone hysterics of forlorn and antiquated maidenhood, innocently striving to win sympathy by a little "make believe," and therefore we think it no harm to enjoy their contortions.

When the Republicans nominated Judge Swan, these same consistent politicians howled upon his track like very hyenas. The very welkin was made to resound with shouts of Abolitionism! as if his election would,have blotted out the sun, and caused a universal rot of all "small potatoes".—The people, however, elected him Judge, in spite of the most desperate efforts of the Democracy to defeat him, *and a most excellent Judge he made, too*. But his time having expired, Southern Ohio claimed the Judgeship, and at the unanimous request of the Hamilton county delegation, Judge Gholson, of Cincinnati, one of the purest, and probably the very ablest jurist of the State, was nominated almost by acclamation, to fill his place, and presto! Judge Swan is a martyred Saint, and Judge Gholson is the Abolitionist!

Poor fellows! never was a mad-dog more terribly affected at the sight or sound of water than these precious Locomotivites are at the idea of such an *Abolitionist!* as Judge Gholson being elected instead of the pog immortal Judge Swan.

The simple facts are, that *Judge Swan is an able, honest, upright man, such as the Republicans have ever selected to fill the important position in which they placed him.* As Judge he decided all the miserable partizan plunder laws of of the Democratic Legislature unconstitutional and void, for which the Republicans honored him, while the Democracy cursed him like very drabs. No highwayman ever was abused as the leaders of the Democracy abused Judge Swan in the Legislature last winter. The vocabulary of slang was exhausted in finding terms of sufficient bitterness with which to demean him. All this is known and perfectly understood. If he had been re-nominated the old slanders would have been re-hashed and served up *ad nauseam*. Hamilton county claimed, and justly too, that as she had one-fifth of the population and business of the State, she had a *right* to a member of the Supreme Court, and when she presented to the convention her favorite, Judge Gholson, who has no superior in the State, and added the further consideration that most of the officers were citizens of the same town with Judge Swan, the case was so plain that he was nominated by acclamation.

Now, when it is known that Judge Spaulding of Cleveland was the candidate of the *Anti-Slavery* sentiment of the Western Reserve, and Judge Gholson of the *conservative* sentiment of Cincinnati and Southern Ohio, the honesty of these papers can be appreciated when they attempt to cry him down with the stale cry of Abolitionism! For ourselves, we could wish he had a deeper baptism into the spirit of what these papers are pleased to call Abolitionism. But, knowing him to be eminently qualified to grace the position to which he has been nominated, we think the people will do as they did in the case of Judge Swan—laugh at the frantic impotence of sham Democracy, and elect him over the long-haired Whitman by a majority of 20,000. And so mote it be.

[The following incidents occurred in the recent balloon voyage from St. Louis east—the voyagers not reaching New York City, as they hoped to do, but landing in Jefferson Co.at the foot of Lake Ontario.]

WISE'S NARRATIVE OF HIS BALLOON VOYAGE.

On Saturday at 10.20 A. M. we were skirting along the Canada shore,and passed near the mouth of the Welland canal, and soon began to mount for our most easterly current, so as to take Buffalo in our track, but we strayed up into between Buffalo and Niagara Falls, crossing Grand Island, leaving Buffalo to the right and Lockport to the left of us. In our onward course, finding ourselves in the State of New York, but too far northward to make the city of New York, it was agreed that we would make a landing near Rochester, detach the boat, leave out Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde, and Mr. La Mountain and myself pursue the voyage to a point near Boston or Portland. Accordingly we descended gradually, but *before* we got within a thousand feet of the earth, we found a most terrible gale sweeping along below. The surface of the earth was filled with clouds of dust, and I said my friends certain destruction awaited us, if we should touch the earth in that tornado. The huge Atlantis was making a terrific sweep northward. Already we were near the tops of trees of a tall forest, and I cried out somewhat anxiously, for God's sake have overboard anything you can lay your hands on, La Mountain; and in another moment he responded all right, standing on the side of the boat with a shaft and wheels intended for the working of the fan wheels, and ready to heave it should it be necessary.

Mr. Hyde looked up to my ear and very solemnly said, "This is an exciting time professor. What shall we do?" "Trust to Providence and all our energies," said I. We were then running on to Lake Ontario, and oh! how terribly it was foaming, moaning and howling. I said, "La Mountain, I have 150 pounds of ballast in my car vat, and a heavy valise, and express bag sent by the U. S. Express Company, and a lot of provisions. Well, if that won't do, I will cut up the boat for ballast, and we can keep above water until we reach the opposite shore," which was near a hundred miles off, in the direction we were going. Here I handed my ballast down to La Mountain, as we were rapidly mounting above the terrific gale, believing by that course we should at least get out of the main track. Everything now indicated that we should perish in the water or on land, and our only salvation was to keep afloat until we got out of the gale if we could. I said, "you must all get into the basket if you want to be saved, should we ever reach land—and I truly tell you, the perils of the land are even more terrible than those of the water with our machines, and it would be easier to meet death by drowning than to have our bodies mangled by dashing against rocks and trees."

By this time Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde had clambered into the basket with me. Mr. Hyde said, very coolly, "I am prepared to die, but I would rather die on land than in the water." I said, "What do you say, Mr. Gager?" He replied, "I would rather meet it on land, but do as you think best." Mr. La Mountain was busily engaged in collecting what he could for ballast. Everything was now valuable to us that had weight. Our carpet bags, our instruments, the express bag, our provisions, were all ready to go, and go they did, one after another, until we were reduced to the express bag; that went overboard last.

We descried the shore, some forty miles ahead, peering between a sombre bank of clouds and the water horizon, but we were sweeping at a fearful rate upon the turbulent water and in another moment crash went the boat upon the water,sideways, staving in two of the planks, and giving our whole craft two fearful jerks, by two succeeding waves. La Mountain stuck to the boat like a hero, but lost his hat and got a dash of the waves, but soon recovered, and threw over the express bag and the last remaining ballast, and cried out, "Be easy, gentlemen, I'll have her afloat once more". In a moment we were up a few hundred feet again, and the steam propeller Young America was tacking across our track.

I now proposed to empty the basket and get in the lake and trust to being picked up by the Young America; but the desire was we should make the shore and try the land, and as we crossed the bow of the steamer they gave us a hearty hurrah. La Mountain had now cut out of the boat all he could, and we were within fifteen miles of the shore, the gale still raging below. La Mountain might have remained in the boat below and jumped out at first touching earth—and I saw no impropriety in that, as then we might have had another hour or two to wait the lulling of the gale—but he said he would share our fate, and he also clambered into the basket just as we were reaching the land.

I saw by the swaying to and fro of the lofty trees into which we must inevitably dash, that our worst perils were at hand, but still I had a blind hope that we would be saved. I ordered two men on the valve rope, and we struck within a hundred yards of the water among some scattered trees, our hook, which was of inch and a quarter iron,breaking like a pipe stem at the first catch of it in a tree, and we hurling through tree tops at a fearful rate. After dashing along this way for nearly a mile, crashing and breaking down trees, we were dashed most fearfully into the boughs of a tall elm, so that the basket swung under and up through the crotch of the limb, while the boat had caught in some of the other branches. This brought us too a little, but in another moment the Atlantic puffed up her huge proportions, and at one swoop away went the limb, basket and boat into the air a hundred feet, and I was afraid some of the crew were impaled upon the scrags. This limb was about eight inches thick at the butt, and full of branches, not weighing less than 600 or 800 pounds.

It proved too much for the Atlantis, and it brought her suddenly down upon the top of a very tall tree and collapsed her. It was a fearful plunge but it left us dangling between heaven and earth in the most sorrowful looking plight of machinery that can be imagined. None of us were seriously injured, the many cords, the strong hoops made of wood and iron, and the close wicker work basket saving us from harm as long as the machinery hung together, and that could not have lasted two minutes longer.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS ARRESTED FOR JUGGLERY.—The Davenport Boys, whose "Spiritual" exploits have rendered them notorious, were arrested last week in Phœnix, Oswego county, N. Y., on a charge of exhibiting juggery without a license. They were tried before a justice there, convicted and fined ten dollars and costs. The friends of the boys offered to pay the fine. This the boys objected to, and maintained that they were falsely accused, refused to pay the fine, being determined to defend themselves in another way through legal process. They therefore permitted themselves to be taken to Oswego, and incarcerated in jail, where they now are and have been several days.

SWITZERLAND, June 17.

The Rev. Theodore Parker and family are to be here next week. He has consulted Baron Louis, in Paris, who makes a most encouraging report, after a thorough examination of the patient. He pronounces one lung entirely sound, and the other but slightly diseased, and sees no reason why Mr. P. should not, with proper care, be restored to perfect health. This news, which I have from headquarters, will give joy to many hearts.

DR. BOND ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

The Baltimore Christian Advocate has at length declared itself. In the last number we have the editor's platform, complete, on this subject. The article, which we transfer to our columns, is important, as exhibiting the status of the question in that region. It should be filed, for use in the next General Conference.

ONCE FOR ALL.

To satisfy curiosity, to correct error, to contradict mis-statement, to repel accusation, to take the point from insinuations and the poison from sneers, to confirm the friendly and disarm the inimical, to get honor for ourselves and put shame upon Zion's Herald and all its class, we do now declare and publish our reasons for not discussing the Slavery question.

First.—We do not discuss "the Slavery question" because there is no Slavery question to discuss. There is no proposition before the people of Maryland or Virginia, to alter the relation at present existing between master and slave. If there be differences of opinion among individuals on that subject, they have not shaped themselves into projects, and therefore are not subjects for public consideration.

Secondly.—Finding no question before the public in relation to Slavery, we are not in condition to make one—because we have not formed any project upon the subject. We do not know what to advise our Legislature to do. We have been thinking more or less through life about it, and farther than approving of the colonization enterprise, we have come to no practical opinion as to how the evils attending the relations of whites and blacks are to be remedied. Therefore as nobody else here has a project, and we have no project, we have nothing to discuss. Maryland and Virginia already acknowledge the advantage and propriety of African colonization, and it is not necessary to discuss that.

Thirdly.—We do not discuss the question whether Slavery is right or wrong, because there is no such question here. We are not a community hitherto without Slavery, into which it is proposed to introduce it. In that case, the question of right or wrong would come up—a question which might not be of easy settlement either, for it could not be justly settled upon abstract principles. It was right to introduce Slavery into the free Jewish State, for to do so was a great benevolence to the enslaved. It was wrong to bring *African* Slaves here, for it was done *for* selfish purposes and through abominable means. But there is no question of that kind. We have to conduct ourselves with regard to Slavery as with a fact, not a question. Whether we should make free men Slaves is a very different and uncomplicated consideration compared with whether we shall make Slaves free. The latter we have not before us. There is no movement here towards a general emancipation. Individuals do have that question submitted to them, but our paper is not the channel of communication between individuals. If any slave-holder wishes our advice on his particular question, he will probably ask for it from us as an individual.

As Methodists we have nothing to discuss concerning Slavery. On that subject there is the most entire unanimity from the forks of the Susquehannah to the Rappahannock. Our people, with one consent, agree to the discipline as it is. It is a remarkable but delightful fact that so far as we know there does not exist in all this vast region, any party who advocates change. Strange as it may seem to our Northern friends, there is no question to discuss among us upon this point.

At our quarterly meetings and camp meetings, our people meet together in unity, and the subject of Slavery is not thought of. Nobody asks who is a master; nobody advocates a change of rule. We are satisfied with things as they are. We understood, when the great separation took place, that all who remained were to be satisfied with things as they are. We had confidence in our Northern brethren—we have confidence in them yet. We are satisfied that they will not alter the Discipline on this point without our consent. We will not argue with every schemer his project of change. We do not confound the wishes of a writer with the will of the Church. We are not deceived by the abuse of the official seal of the General Conference. We know how men get office and how little honor is to be expected from paid partisans, though they may claim much piety. We know that Christian conscience may be pleaded in defence of acts which heathen honesty would condemn—and that violations of all the precepts of Christ have, from time to time, been authorised by the functionaries of his religion. We believe in the honor, and conscience, and good sense of the M. E. Church, and we are not disturbed by rumor of coming ruin. So we have no Slavery measures to discuss. We want no change—we do not intend to have any—and we will discuss none. If we needed more reasons, we might add, it is useless for us to discuss these idle questions because other Methodist papers do little else. If any of our people wish to read interminable articles about nonsensical propositions, they know where to find them. We print for those who do not. Surely those who wish to be relieved from the intolerable affliction of boundless twaddle, ought to be permitted to have one humble paper and to read it in peace.

We trust that we have now defined our position clearly. If we have not made it intelligible to to all, we think that the cause of confusion is not with us. It is certain that we have exhibited fairly the mind of our people on the matter.

We have not room for comment, but add simply a word.

1. If anything were wanted to stir the M. E. Church to its foundations, it is precisely such a demonstration as the Dr. has here made. It reveals the deadly stupor everywhere prevalent in slave-holding regions. The whole subject is ignored there; they will not even consider whether they do right or wrong. There is no "question before the public." Well, it is time there was.

2. It puts aside the morals of slavery, on grounds not only untenable, but utterly frivolous. Thus, the essential, eternal and inalienable rights of four millions of human beings are sacrificed in a way that would disgrace the veriest heathen. It amounts to just this, and no more—the question is not to be discussed, because it has not been discussed. What a reason is that for a Christian to assign for passing over the wrongs of so many men and women, bought with blood! We, as a Church, have only to reach this horrid irresistibility, to make our destruction from the earth a blessing to the world.

3. There is no expectation of change, no wish for any, no purpose to tolerate any. The Border is in fact stereotyped. So it regards itself, and so we must regard it. It relies confidently upon its ability to prevent the exclusion of slavery, and the moment it fails to accomplish this, it will secede. Secession is inevitable, unless the South shall be crushed anew, and furnished with a true Christian spirit. Consequently it is idle to waste our pains upon them—it is casting pearls before swine.

4. Dr. Bond and all the Border wish the Discipline to remain unchanged—that is to say, they wish it convictionally to mean, What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery? and yet not a single thought be turned to the subject, not an effort made, nor a word uttered, to break the dead silence which reigns in that favored region. He would have the Church stultify itself by asking the same abortive question from age to age, and doing nothing. This may be equal to a Border Methodist's notion of religion, but it falls much below what passes for common sense in other places.

5. The article is a most painful proof of the deadening effects of slavery upon the conscience and mind of a man naturally endowed with respectable talents.—*Northern Independent*.

ST. DOMINGO.

At a 4th of July meeting at Framingham, Mass. Mr. Bird spoke at some length upon the condition of Hayti; Wendell Phillips, who followed him, thus referred to the remarks of the preceding speaker.

MR. CHAIRMAN—I have listened with a great deal of interest, to the experience and testimony of the friend who has just occupied this place in regard to St. Domingo. I do not think that there can be a more important chapter of history to the Abolitionist than that which relates to the independence of St. Domingo. We are accustomed to let the pro-slavery press have its own way in regard to the history of that island, whereas it is the very best and clearest and most unexceptionable chapter in the history of the black race—perfect as poetry. There is not a single fact nor incident which the lover of the negro would care to erase from the record. I want to dwell upon it a single moment. People imagine that, at the time of what are called 'the horrors of St. Domingo'—the original revolt—the slaves rose, in blood and fire, with nothing but revenge in their hearts; downtrodden like the worm, they rose tigers, to bathe their hands in the blood of their masters; whereas, the whole story of the insurrection, at its commencement, is the finest chapter in the history of the race. The slaves never thought of resistance. Docile, kind-hearted, trodden in the earth, driven almost to despair, they let the contest between the white and the mulatto go on in the upper air, until men imagined they had become indifferent to liberty; that they were besotted; that they lacked the intelligent courage of the white race, and appreciation of liberty. Oh, no! This continued just long enough to show the sweetness of their blood, the absence of revenge, the absence of malignity; and then, at the first fitting moment, is vanished. It was thus:—The slaves as I have said, never thought of rising. The royal party in France, anxious to get a foothold in the island, when the king's head had been taken off in Paris, sent their agent to create a revolution in favor of the king, and finding all others silent or indifferent sent their emissaries among the slaves. Charles the Tenth—then the Count d'Artois—sent his. The Royal Governor, Blanchelande, sent his. Royalists among the planters went in person. The slaves listened to the political motive. They loved the King. Every link that had been lifted from the heavy chain of slavery on their necks, had been lifted by a Bourbon. They were grateful for the historic memory, and they rushed to the field in the name of the King. When they stood there in arms, men—recognised as such by the intrigues of parties—then, for the first time, Toussaint, concealed behind the scenes, said to the wire-pullers, 'Gentlemen, we are here in your behalf. We seemed besotted, but we knew our rights. We will stand for the throne to-day, but only on condition that you stand for liberty to-morrow, and that you give us the pledge.' When victory perched upon the royal banners, they forgot the pledge. But the black man never forgot it; he took up both parties, one in the right, the other in the left hand of his physical supremacy, and dashed them to pieces, shouting Liberty and Manhood as the motto of the new order of things; and from that hour to this, he has held the island as his own. I assert that in the whole history of civil life, there is not a more skilful, braver, more bloodless, nor more successful effort, on the part of an uneducated, unarmed populace to take the government by the throat, strangle it, and place themselves at the head of affairs. That was seventy years ago. The revolution was bloodless. The slave said, 'I take my own; go your way!' He never took life nor blood. Deserving of memory!

When Napoleon tried to put the yoke upon his neck a second time; when the lion, in his 'pride of place' upon the throne of the island, met the French eagle, then, indeed, fighting with the energy of despair, and on the forlorn hope, the black man showed the courage of the Roman or the Greek, and utterly annihilated the sixty thousand French soldiers that Napoleon sent against him! (Applause.) That was the first test—courage.

The second test of blood is the capacity to govern a State. My friend (Mr. Bird) alluded to schools and churches and morality—all excellent tests; but the great test of races, the great general test of blood, is the capacity to govern and maintain a State. Now, Mexico has tumbled over and over and over a dozen times in seventy years. Brazil, Chili, Peru, Guatemala, all the Spanish colonies, are but tumblers—everlastingly turning commercets; History has not pens enough to record the names of their Governors. To write the History of the Spanish colonies would take lightning. (Laughter.) It is like the story of the man in West Bridgwater who said that another man's wife lied. The husband of the woman came to him, and said, 'You say my wife does not tell the truth; I want you to take it back.' 'Now,' said the other, 'tell me, doesn't your wife talk faster than lightning?' 'Yes; but what has that to do with it?' 'Well, I maintain there is not truth enough in the world for her to speak it all the time, fast as she talks.' (Loud laughter and applause.) So, in regard to the history of the Spanish colonies, you must have a historian as fast as that woman's tongue to keep up with their changes. But they are of Spanish blood; the proudest, and, in some senses, the most noble in the world; but they are not capable of government. Here are those uneducated negroes, with no sympathy from Europe, with no dollar of capital, their soil burned over—as if Massachusetts were floated back to where the Puritans found it in 1630—they have put their feet on the untrodden and unredeemed soil of Hayti, and said to the world, 'This is ours'—and held their own for seventy years. If that does not prove capacity for self-government, the highest test of the capacity of a a race, then I do not know where it is to be found. I wanted to say so much, because I count St. Domingo a very jewel of anti-slavery testimony and evidence. I do not care what Mr. Redpath finds there in regard to morals and education. I know that the black man has conquered that island, and has held it against all races and all arms: that is enough for me to prove his capacity.

Communications.

LECTURES OF M. R. ROBINSON.

WELSHFIELD, OHIO, July 1, 1859.

BRO. S. JOHNS.—DEAR BROTHER: The town of Troy has this week had the benefit of three evening lectures from Mr. Marius R. Robinson. And I am happy to state that I think that he has commended himself and the cause of Liberty & Equal Rights to every mind that listened to him, by his candor, fairness, kindness and manifest honesty. I love to listen to an *honest* man, even if he differs much with me; and a *kind* man can say anything without giving offence. Mr. R. appears to love his country and his fellow men. It was not apparently in the spirit of a fault finder, a misanthrope, that he portrayed the guilt of our country and our citizens generally in regard to human rights. But he pointed out our sins that we might see them, put them away and do right. This is the true idea of duty. The pro-slavery character and conduct of our Government, was made painfully evident. We were made to see too, and feel that all classes were involved in the sin of slavery. The churches did not escape merited rebuke; for he would not allow the monster to hide behind church altars, or escape destruction by clothing himself in the garments of the priesthood. But while he was faithfully performing this duty, I was highly gratified to see that he did not in a single expression denounce the christian churches and religion as such. The Bible, our great moral chart, and true Christianity, the only means of helping and and saving our world, and giving equal love and equal rights to all mankind, were spoken of with reverence. Would that I could say this of all anti-slavery lecturers that I have heard! Why cannot men discriminate between christians and hypocrites, and not class them all together? There are bad men creps into all the churches. This cannot be avoided. Still there is a true church, and there are true christians—followers of Christ, who have never bowed the knee to Baal. I trust too that there are many times seven thousand of such in our land. Let us purify the church, not destroy it.

Our lecturer undertook to show, as I think he did clearly, that we of the North, as a body, are slaveholders, that we hold the lash over the back of the suffering bondman of the South, and keep him in subjection. This painful truth was not only stated, but the whole scene was painted. I saw the prostrate bondman staked to the ground, writhing in bloody agony, calling loudly for help, while around him stood with knotted scourge in hands, a group of men, some southerners but more northerners, each giving a blow and aiding in the torture of the wretched victim. My sympathies were deeply moved: I bore the slave's crushing weight, I felt the galling chain, every stroke drew the gore from my own body. I too cried in agony for help, and my heart took courage, hope revived, when I saw a bold anti-slavery lecturer hastening as I supposed to the relief of the crushed slave, but oh what was my disappointment, how my heart died within me, and I sunk in despair, when on coming near he seized the cruel whip and joined the slave master to aid him in keeping his victim in chains!

Mr. Robinson in his lecture here, did join with the slaveholder against the slave. He stated that the U. S. Constitution gives the slaveholder power to hold slaves. False, ruinous concession! Does that greatly obstructe our anti-slavery work. How can some of our own friends turn against us! How can such an honest man as I believe Mr. R. to be, make such a woeful mistake? Why can he not see that if the Constitution were rightly interpreted and enforced, it would make a "*perfect* Union, establish justice, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity?" What matters it if *every Judge*, every lawyer, every politician, *every man*, up to this day has wrested the Constitution, forced it to favor oppression; we are not bound by their decisions;—let us break loose from this servility, and now let that valuable Liberty-document utter its true sentiments, and speak out in favor of the equal rights of every one in the land. Allow *me* to interpret the U. S. Constitution, and enforce its principles, its spirit, and without a resting one sentence, but giving its natural meaning, I will protect the life, liberty and happiness of every mother's son and daughter in the United States.

I do not propose to argue this question, I know with pain, that honest men differ here. I regret it. When shall we see eye to eye? We must before the day of emancipation comes.

If Mr. Robinson cannot see, what I think is his error here, can he not leave out the discussion of this point? It is not necessary to the end he seeks. It greatly injures the influence and moral power of his lectures. Aside from this they are excellent,—they do good. On this point they do injury.

Whatever course in regard to this point, this brother, considers it his duty to pursue, I shall believe he is an honest man, and I shall not censure him, but I should rejoice to see him throw down the whip, leave the slaveholder's side, and stand by the slave, knock off his chains, and give him that liberty that our Federal Constitution, rightly construed, would secure to every individual in our land.

Yours for Truth and Equal Rights.
A. A. WHITMORE.

[The following letter came to hand too late for last week's paper.]

FRANCIS ELLEN WATKINS.

FRIEND JOHNS: This distinguished lady has been lecturing in this vicinity for a week past. She spoke eight times last week, to large and attentive audiences. Her lectures are well received, and highly commended by some of the Republican papers of Eastern Indiana.

She is doing a good work in this portion of the state. Her lectures are awakening the Anti-Slavery people to a sense of their real condition, as members of the Republican party.

Her books and tracts are purchased with an avidity that would astonish any one who only knew the people of Indiana, through the thirteenth article of the constitution of the State—the dark spot upon the pages of our statute, called the Black-laws, or through the miserable pro-slavery revival that has swept like a contagion over our State for the last two years.

Miss Watkins is well pleased with her reception in Indiana, and we are anxiously waiting her second visit to this place.

Yours for the cause.
JOSEPH PUCKETT.

Winchester, June 25, 1859.

A LETTER

To the Ministers and Lay Members of the various Churches in the State of Ohio:

You must be aware of the fact that there are four millions of men, women, and children in our boasted land of liberty and Christianity, of whose condition it was declared by one of our statesmen "one hour of their suffering is fraught with more misery than ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose."

All the dying groans which come from South Carolina and the hills of old Virginia borne on the wings of every Southern gale, do not seem to move the hearts of most of our ministers, but we find them voting for, and apologizing and sustaining this God-defying, man-degrading, soul-crushing, hell deserving institution that holds men in abject bondage. Look at it for a moment. Man created in the image of God, crowned with glory and honor! Slavery tears off his crown, and puts on him a yoke! God made him to have dominion over the beast of the field and every creeping thing! Slavery breaks his sceptre and casts him down among, yea, beneath them! Though God has put all things under his feet, slavery puts him under the feet of an owner! Who but an unfaithful, hypocritical minister would sanction for a moment such blasphemy? Who dares to strive with his Maker and mutilate His image, and blaspheme the Holy One who saith to those who grind his poor; "inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me"?—Again it is written "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them for this is the law and the prophets". In the 10th chapter of Isaiah you will find there is a law written against those who oppress the poor, which reads thus, "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed to turn aside the needy from judgment, and take away the right from the poor of my people that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless." Surely the people of the State of Ohio have decreed unrighteous decrees, by taking from the colored people of the State the right of elective franchise, by framing iniquity into law, which measures men by the color of their skin and the length of their hair, and the kind of blood supposed to course through their veins. In taxing the colored race not represented, sixty thousand dollars per annum to build poor-houses and almshouses which they may not enter, while the doors are open to all the whites, whether emigrants from Ireland or elsewhere, and the life's blood is washed from the bodies of millions of native born citizens. Republicans lay the sin and the wrong on the Democrats, and Democrats retort it upon the Republicans. The latter assured us that if they could obtain power they would legislate for our relief; but they succeeded, and how have they bettered our condition? They charged Breslin and Gibson with stealing the people's money and said they ought to be imprisoned—then took annually sixty thousand dollars of our money and instead of laboring to give us our just rights, they legislated for the protection of the birds and the fish, leaving their equal brethren ground down under the heel of oppression in our own state. I do not believe God has any attribute which can take sides with such wrong, nor that his judgments will always linger nor his justice forever sleep. They have said in their acting just what the Supreme Court with Judge Taney at its head declared—that "the black man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect".

This is nothing new in the history of this country. No party in power since the formation of the government has regarded the rights of the black man. They have all taken sides with the oppressor, against the oppressed, and have been loyal to a government that devours widows' houses and robs the fatherless.

Ye ministers who have been unfaithful to the cause of Humanity, what will you do when those who have reaped down your harvest without wages shall cry against you to the Lord in the last days, "Behold the hire of the laborers which you have kept back by fraud crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth"? Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth and been wanton, ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter; ye have condemned and killed the just and he doth not resist. The groans of millions have gone up to Heaven and entered the ears of the Lord. Ye have been silent on the foulest wrong that ever disgraced the earth, and have suffered the Upas tree of Slavery to grow until its branches cover every inch of ground beneath your sovereignty, and corrupted almost every heart. Oh men and women of Ohio; that have the care of families, I ask you to think of your abundance, and then of the scanty pittance of the slave! Compare your houses with their huts; your abundant food with their peck of corn per week; your beds with their straw and rags; your clothing with their nakedness! Remember that your children can have a tender mother, a father, or sister, or brother to watch over them when sick, and that the poor slave mother must leave in yonder cabin her children scorched with fever. Hark to its feeble cry for a sup of water to cool its parched throat and lips as it throws its bony hands into the air, and calls for its mother who may not come to it. She, perhaps, is in the rice swamp, or the cotton or the cane field! When she left her child in the morning, she pressed her lips to its fevered cheek, perhaps for the last time whilst living! O! think how you can have friends to meet with you when a husband or child is sick, to console you and watch the last breath as it leaves the body. O ye mothers and father of Ohio! ye can train up your children as ye would have them go, with Bible in hand, that book held so sacred! And yet ye support a law which deprives thousands in this country of knowing one word that is in it, and millions of all opportunity to read it for themselves. Let the people of Ohio ask each himself, "Is it I that supports a government which deprives so many of this precious right; that thrusts back into bondage all those who attempt to escape; that punishes with fine and imprisonment our own citizens who dare to perform the common acts of humanity and Christianity?" Nearly all are loyal; ministers and lay members are loyal to the Constitution of the United States and the Dred Scott decision.—They all strike hands with thieves and robbers rather than dissolve their alliance with this government. Yea, they love the law made by man more than the Divine law written on their own souls by the finger of God. Truly Yours,

WILLIAM T. HOLLIDAY.

July 3, 1859.

[We commend the above letter to the serious consideration of those to whom it is addressed.—W. T. H., being a colored man, can speak experimentally of the disabilities under which the colored man of Ohio labors.]

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO. JULY 16, 1859.

THE BUGLE can be obtained, every Friday, of Isaac Prescott, at Steer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

☞FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS is authorised to obtain subscribers for the Bugle, and to receipt for any monies paid on account of the paper.

ACCOUNTS OF SUBSCRIBERS.

The Publishing Agent this week commences sending bills to all subscribers in arrears. Those who have let their accounts run for one year or more, will be charged according to the published terms, $2 per year. If however, they will settle their old scores, and pay *as far in advance as they are in arrears*, a deduction will be made on their bills so as to reduce them to the amount charged on advance payments, or at the rate of $1.50 per year.

THOSE PLEDGES.

Some of our friends to whom Circulars were sent last winter, and who responded favorably to the request contained therein, seem oblivious as to the time when the payments were to be made, which was on the 1st of May.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

We are glad to learn that JOHN MOFFAT of Canada expects to lecture in the Town Hall on Saturday evening next. Those who heard him when here last, will not willingly deprive themselves of an opportunity to hear him again.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

Among our communications this week will be found one from Welshfield, in relation to the lectures of M. R. Robinson in that vicinity. In regard to the criticisms of the writer upon Mr. R.'s views of the Church and State, we would say, that while we are willing to give them a place in our columns, they might more appropriately have been presented in the lecture room, when Mr. Robinson gave opportunity for criticism or objection from those who differed with him; and the speaker might then have made clear, some matters which the writer evidently misapprehends.

Our correspondent says, "There are bad men crept into all the churches," and in this, abolitionists in the main agree with him; though inasmuch as nearly all the sects in the land welcome to their embrace all the slaveholders that will come, a little different phraseology from "crept in," would be more truthfully descriptive. But we agree with him that they are there, and it does not so much matter as to *how they got there*, as to *how they are treated* now they *are* there. The charge which we bring against the American Church is, that it calls bad men good—recognises as Christians, men who are slaveholders; thus practically becoming an infidel organization. An organization which seeks not to cast out the vile, but opposes those who protest against the vileness—not aiming to become pure, but striving to crucify those who preach Christian purity as the only foundation upon which true peace can build her house.

We have great respect, for honest, consistent, conscientious men, however much we may regard their belief as erroneous. Mr. Whitmore's theory of the constitution we hold to be radically wrong—contrary to historical records, contrary to the practice of the nation, contrary to the belief of the people, and is, furthermore, a theory not half as old as the Constitution itself. A belief in the anti-slavery character of the United States Constitution, if practically lived out, will bring those who hold it—though by another route—to *Revolution*, the point which Disunionists are striving to reach. We trust that Mr. Whitmore is too honest to preach one thing and practice another; too conscientious to have one set of doctrines to talk by, and another set to live by. We take it for granted that at the last gubanatorial election he was one of the consistent 346 who voted for McCormack with his anti-slavery constitution, and not one of the inconsistent 10,000 who claiming that the constitution was anti-slavery, voted for Chase, and authorized him to swear to support it with his pro-slavery interpretation. We trust he is one of those few Gerrit Smith men, who at the last Presidential election voted for Gerrit Smith with an anti-slavery constitution, and not for John C. Fremont with a pro-slavery constitution.

We think Mr. Robinson will hardly comply with our correspondent's suggestion to omit in his lectures all discussion of the Constitution—to abstain from presenting his views in regard to the character of that instrument. It would be too much like playing Hamlet, with the character of Hamlet omitted. As all the political power of the slaveholders in the general government is derived from the Constitution, we submit whether a discussion of its character is not proper and legitimate, to say nothing of it being often desirable, and sometimes necessary. Mr. Whitmore says, "we must see eye to eye, before the day of emancipation comes;" if this be so, then the more thoroughly and the more speedily this question is examined, the better will it be for the slave's cause.

COMPOUNDING OF FELONY.

We are sorry that the above caption seems to us the most appropriate one under which to announce the release of the Oberlin Rescuers from Cuyahoga County Jail. While many are exulting in the opening of their prison doors, and proclaiming it a triumph of the Higher Law, the manner in which their release was effected seems to us an exceedingly discreditable proceeding, and only to be described as what in similar cases, is called "Compounding of Felony", and subjects the parties concerned to public reprobation, if not to punishment. Could their release have been effected in an honorable manner—had their friends surrounded the jail and brought them forth by an exhibition of a determination to raze the prison to its foundation if they were not set free, we should have rejoiced with exceeding joy, but we have no heart to exult in their dishonorable release, for as such we are constrained to regard it. We do not wish to be thought uncharitable, and still less unjust; and in order to show that we have not used the above language without due consideration, we will briefly refer to some of the facts in connection with the case.

The Rescuers were imprisoned to await their trial on a criminal charge under a United States law, on which—we presume—they anticipated conviction. It matters not that the alleged crime was a Christian act, nor that the law under which they were to be tried was regarded by many as unconstitutional—the fact we have stated remains the same. Jennings, Mitchell & Co. were also bound over for trial as criminals, but before another court; and whether or no they were guilty of kidnapping *legally* considered, they were morally guilty beyond doubt. They were accused of violating a State law—a law which was made not for the special benefit of the people of Oberlin, or any portion of them, but for the especial protection of the colored citizens of Ohio; and the efficiency of the law depends upon the promptness and certainty with which punishment is meted out to its violaters. Here was a case in which the people of Ohio were the accusers—not Lorain County, but the State at large; and if the accused were guilty, Ohio had pledged her State Sovereignty that the offenders *should be punished*. The Prosecuting Attorney of Lorain County certainly had no moral right, and we don't believe he had any legal authority, to set loose upon community four kidnappers, on condition that certain other persons should not be punished by the U. S. officials. Have law and justice become merchantable commodities in Ohio? Can kidnappers buy immunity from punishment? Can violaters of State law escape the penalty by promising to drop individual prosecutions? It would seem so, if this swapping of offenders is to be taken as a specimen of the administration of justice in our State Courts. If the precedent thus set is to be followed where is the practice of legal dickering to end?—What assurance have the people in any case that criminals will be punished? The evidence against the accused may be of the strongest and most positive character, his conviction and punishment be deemed essential to the protection of community, but when he is brought to the bar a nolle is entered, *not* upon pretense of any extenuating circumstances existing in his case, not because of the slightest doubt of the weight of evidence against him, but because, forsooth! he has agreed *not to* prosecute somebody else, provided *his* case is not brought to trial. What a miserable mockery of justice! What a perversion of law!

Plumb, Peck, and their companions in prison deserved the sympathy of the people of the State, but what would have been said to a proposition to have the U. S. Attorney enter a nolle in their case, provided some notorious counterfeiter or murderer were freed from his penitentiary cell? The whole State would have been indignant at the insult, and the Rescuers would have utterly refused to accept an enlargement so purchased. But the same thing in principle has been done, and the Rescuers have gone free on condition that four kidnappers should be turned loose upon society, and their friends hold a jubilee over their enlargement, and call it a triumph of Higher Law.

Triumph of Higher Law! It isn't even a triumph of Ohio law. The transaction inflicts indelible disgrace upon the State, by proclaiming in unmistakable terms, that in Ohio, kidnappers can purchase immunity from punishment. Swan's habeas corpus decision is spoken of as involving a surrender of State Sovereignty, but Ohio was never brought so low as when she bought the Oberlin Rescuers out of prison, by consenting to suspend the operation of her State Laws against kidnapping. "We agree to your proposition, dear Messers. Slavecatchers," said Lorain County. "If you won't punish our Oberlin citizens any more *for manufacturing*, we won't punish you at all *for manufacturing*". "Well," said the Kidnappers, "seeing that some of your fellows have been tried, and found guilty, and sentenced, and some of 'em pleaded guilty, and been sentenced, and the rest of 'em been imprisoned longer than they would have been if they had been tried, and thus has the Fugitive Slave Law been abundantly vindicated; and seeing it is very inconvenient and expensive for us to be here, we agree to cry quits."

There is nothing honorable to Ohio in the transaction, nor to the Rescuers and their friends, nor to the United States either, although the latter occupies decidedly the best position. We affirm 1st, that neither the District Attorney of the United States, nor the Prosecuting Attorney for Lorain County had any right to enter a nolle against men whom they believed guilty of crime, in consideration of the release of others who were charged with crime. We affirm, 2d, that to turn alleged kidnappers loose upon community in order to secure the enlargement of the Rescuers, was a mal-administration of justice, a suspension of the criminal laws of Ohio, and a precedent which promises to be fraught with the most dangerous results. We affirm 3d, that in accepting their enlargement upon such conditions, the Rescuers made a lamentable mistake, and closed, *by a disgraceful compromise*, a controversy they had up to that time boldly, and honorably, and with a spirit of heroic self-devotion, maintained with the myrmidons of the slave power operating through the United States Officials.

"LET THE RECORD BE CORRECTLY KEPT."

Such is the caption of an article in a recent number of the *Ashtabula Sentinel*, from the pen of G. [Joshua R. Giddings] in relation to Swan and Gholson.

The entire article is an admirable illustration of the opposite of its caption. It is an adroit political dodge, calculated to quiet the consciences of those Republicans who yet retain possession of that article, and tighten the party traces by which they are held to work.

Speaking of Gholson, G. says:

"He has the example of Judge Swan's rejection before him. As he takes the oath of office he reads the resolution of the convention that nominated him, declaring the fugitive act not merely unconstitutional, but proclaiming it, *subversive of the rights of the States, the liberties of the people, and abhorrent to the moral sense of the civilized world.*"

Referring to the *Sentinel* of June 9th, we find an editorial account of the Nominating Convention. In the Committee on Resolutions (if we mistake not, Mr. Giddings was himself on that Committee) when the one relating to the Fugitive Slave Law came up, the editor says:

"Mr. Corwin and his friends opposed it so strongly that the word *unconstitutional* was left out of the resolution."

G. is so desirous to have the *record* correctly kept, that he refers to the resolution as "declaring the Fugitive Act not merely *unconstitutional*, but proclaiming it" something more; and yet G.'s own organ declared a few weeks since, that because of Corwin's opposition *"the word unconstitutional was left out"*.

To suppose that Mr. Giddings was ignorant of the facts of the case requires more credulity than we possess, and would *beside*, be an insult to his common sense. We should be glad to believe he had forgotten them, but are unable so to do. We read of those who are left to believe a lie, that they may be damned. There the record closes, and the reader has to infer the fate of those who lead them into such belief.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

The *Ashtabula Sentinel*, in a recent article said, in reference to the Republican nominations,

"Judge Gholson was named, and such assurances of his position given that the friends of Freedom agreed to accept him, if the party should re-affirm their hatred of the Fugitive Slave Law, *and Judge Gholson accepted the nomination with the example of Swan's reputation before him.*"

The *Mad-a-Chuck Press*, a Republican paper, quotes the above declaration, and adds,

"As this involves a very serious charge against Judge Gholson, and immediately affects his election, we ask the Ashtabula Sentinel a few questions—and we want them answered. If any one spoke for Judge Gholson, he was authorised, or he was not. If authorised, we are mistaken in Gholson; if not the impertinent meddler should be exposed. Let us have information. This honorable, able man, is not to be injured in this way."

To this the *Sentinel* responds thus:

"Nothing can give us greater pleasure than to allay the fears of our cotemporary. We do not see how the sentence quoted from us involves any charge against Judge Gholson; and we certainly intend none. Those of the Republicans who earnestly believe their platform, whether from the Reserves or not, were dissatisfied with the decision of Judge Swan, in the Habeas Corpus case, and were unwilling to support him for re-election. The Hamilton County Delegation presented Judge Gholson, with these assurances:—That he was a lawyer of superior attainments; an experienced jurist, and remarkable for his nice sense of honor; that he was an upright judge and an honest man. They moreover assured us that he was an ardent Republican, and earnest in his attachment to the Philadelphia Platform; and that he had removed from the State of Mississippi to Ohio, from anti-slavery motives, and had given their liberty to his patrimonial slaves—thus proving himself a practical abolitionist. The Hamilton Delegation agreed to this without dissent, so far as we could learn. Here we had a man, pledged to the Philadelphia Platform, which says, that "the primary object and the ulterior design of the General Government was to secure to all men the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and committed by the nomination by the Convention, to a Resolution declaring that the Fugitive Slave Act is "contrary to the plainest dictates of humanity and *justice*, and abhorrent to the moral sense of the civilized world"—who had given the best proof of his anti-slavery principles, by emancipating his slaves—who is vouched for by his fellow citizens as an *upright Judge*, an honest and honorable man, who accepts a nomination, in the place of Judge Swan, knowing that Swan is voted down in the Convention because of his decision. For these reasons we support Judge Gholson, and these were the assurances that secured his nomination on the first ballot by two to one over Swan.

"We have no other pledges. We asked no others. We feel justified in the conclusion that if he *believes all men are created free*, and that the General Government was instituted, as the Constitution says, to secure this freedom, he cannot render a decision consigning a man to slavery because of his color, nor decide that the Government has power to legislate away a man's freedom. If our friend of the "*Press*" or any one else of his supporters, should be authorized to present Judge Gholson in a different light, and know that he means to sustain the Fugitive Slave Act, we hope they will let us know it. The Judge himself is apprised of the position in which the circumstances place him. He must understand the case so fully that the permission of the use of his name, if he holds the views of Judge Swan, is incompatible with his reputed sense of honor and honesty."

This is what we call a skulking of the question, and it also seems to us a perversion of the truth. It suggests a few questions, which we shall put ourselves, and the Sentinel may answer them or not, as it sees fit.

1. Were the hundred and *forty four delegates* who voted for Swan's renomination, Republicans who did not "earnestly believe their platform?"

2. Was not information given, either in the Convention, or among its members generally, that Judge Swan was Gholson's first choice?

3. Was Gholson therefore a Republican who *did not* "earnestly believe the platform?"

4. Did not the Hamilton County Delegates, and others from that section of the State who brought Gholson forward, approve of Swan's decision?

5. Is not Swan, as well as Gholson, "a lawyer of superior attainments?"

6. Is not Swan, as well as Gholson, "an experienced jurist, and remarkable for his nice sense of honor?"

7. Is not Swan, as well as Gholson, "an upright judge and an honest man?"

8. Is not Swan, as well as Gholson, "an ardent Republican, and earnest in his attachment to the Philadelphia Platform?"

9. Has the *Sentinel* any evidence that Swan does not as heartily endorse the resolutions of the Convention, especially that one approving of the conduct of the Republican State officers, as does Gholson himself?

10. What do those Republican papers mean which assert that "*Gholson is just as good a man as Swan?*"

11. What do those Republican papers mean which emphatically declare that the decision given by Swan was not the cause that he was not re-nominated, and that it in no wise entered into the consideration of those who gave Gholson the nomination—the Reserve delegates excepted, whose votes were not needed?

12. Is Starr of Missouri, (a slaveholder) a good Republican according to the Philladelphia Platform, or is everybody mistaken in calling him so?

THE RESCUER.

On the 4th of July the Oberlin prisoners issued the first number of a paper bearing the above title. It was proposed to issue it semi-monthly, but we presume a change of circumstances will cause a change in their plan. The following is an extract from the number referred to.

After the "political prisoners" had remained in jail for seventy-five days they began to find themselves possessed of "thoughts that breathed and words that burned." We not only wished to utter them but we wished to print them. Could the thing be done? We looked around for printers and found among the "prisoners" two rusty and dilapidated "typos," one of whom had not handled a "stick" for fifteen years. Would the Sheriff allow us a corner of the Jail for a Printing-office? We asked him. Generous as ever, he replied—"certainly, and I'll help you too if I can." "O where shall type be found?" we next enquired. The generous purchasers of our old printing-office responded by lending us a font of Small Pica, and the liberal Publisher of the Cleveland Daily Leader (the very paper which would amuse you, gentle reader,) added more, with other things. For a "plane" we used a carpenter's with the irons knocked out. A policeman's club answered for a mallet in "taking proof," and for the other purposes, we could select a pounding instrument from a large pair of shackles which lay at our feet. A fellow prisoner supplied us with "side sticks," "quoins" and reglet," made from a whitewood board. Another prisoner sawed up a fence board to make a "rack." (Quite like a fellow, that, but we must settle it with the Commissioners.) For a "shooting stick"—not the dangerous kind which we have understood 'rescuers' sometimes use, but a simpler instrument—we hewed out a piece of stave, and the door stone answered for a 'table.' Thus furnished, and with the ample space of just five feet by ten for a printing-office we proceeded to establish the 'Rescuer.' If we labor under difficulties it is but appropriate, for 'rescuers' always do. We forgot to express regret that we could not procure ITALICS. Many were needed. We must ask our readers to supply the emphasis according to taste.

THAT ALTERS THE CASE.

It probably make considerable difference in one's feelings as to whose ox is gored, yet in deciding a question of principle, the goring and not the ownership should affect the decision. That it does not always do so, may be inferred from the manner in which some of the Republican papers speak of the abortive attempts made by the kidnappers to deliver themselves up to the Lorain authorities, and release their bail; expecting to be then taken before Judge McLean on a writ of habeas corpus.

The absence of the sheriff and the judge just at the time when Jennings and Co., needed their official service, *may* have been accidental—very accidental indeed, but it was nevertheless a remarkable coincidence. Had the accused been Republicans who were charged with a different crime, and the Judge and Sheriff Democrats, we suspect we would have heard from some of our Republican contemporaries a good deal about "Contemptible Dodging of Officials," "The Writ of Habeas Corpus virtually suspended," "Democratic Subterfuge," &c., instead of having them, as now, pass off the conduct of the Lorain officials as a capital joke—a good subject for newspaper merriment.—"It was your ox, Messrs. Slavecatchers, which was gored this time: and though we protest against the injustice and cruelty of *our* ox being gored, it is rare fun for us to see *yours* operated upon."

"PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS".—We are indebted to the Publisher, Oliver Johnson, 5 Beekman Street, New York, for a copy of the proceedings at the late meeting of Progressive Friends, held at Longwood, Chester County. It is a pamphlet of some 70 pages, and contains much interesting matter. Those who wish a copy can procure it, postage pre-paid, by sending 6 postage stamps to the Publisher.

KNOW NOTHING CONVENTION.

A Committee appointed by the Hamilton County members of this party, have issued a call for a State Nominating Convention, to be held on Tuesday, the 26th inst. Ohio politics is beginning to look a little mixed.

NOT SO.—The *National Era* denies that any arrangements have been made by the proprietors of that paper to transfer it to Dunn Platt, for the benefit of Governor Chase in his Presidential angling.

A PRISONER'S LETTER.

[The following letter was addressed to Hon. W. C. Bliss, and is copied from the *Rochester Democrat.*]

ST. JOSEPH PRISON, MO., June 23, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND: You will be surprised to receive a letter from a convicted felon. But so it is.—This day a Missouri jury brought in a verdict, and on their oaths declare that I was in Missouri, myself or by an agent, and stole or abducted a man called "Dick" of the value of $1,500. Now, my friend, you know me to be a man of truth, and I declare this moment, with my mind's eye fixed on an infinite God, that every word is false. I was never in Missouri but two days in my life, (previous to being kidnapped and brought here,) and that was when I came through St. Louis in July, 1854, to settle in Kansas; and never have I spoken myself, or as agent, to any person in Missouri, until I was kidnapped on the 25th of January last, and lodged in this prison. They have stolen my wagon and a load of provisions, &c. I have paid one Missouri attorney $200, although the Legislature of my country appropriated $1,000 to defend me. Of this I have received nothing.

My land, which is a half a mile from Lawrence, with all my improvements, is likely to be lost, as I have not pre-empted it. The contest about the claim has been decided in my favor since I was kidnapped. The land sales take place in July, and as I am confined in a felon's cell, and my personal presence in the Land Office is indispensable, the whole may be lost. After all this suffering, therefore, to provide for my children, this lovely home is likely to be taken from us. I am compelled to feel as a parent, but leave my family in the hands of God, and you and other friends in Rochester. The farm contains 160 acres, and if I could get a land warrant to pre-empt it and give a mortgage to secure the lender, it could be saved.

The Supreme Court, to which my case is appealed, sits in Jefferson City in July. All the means I could raise have been paid for witnesses' fare, &c., on the two trials. I have suffered and sacrificed much for principle during the last five years, and it seems pretty hard to be rewarded with a felon's fate.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN DOY.

The Democrat adds:

We understand that Dr. Doy was robbed at the time he was kidnapped, of nearly $700 in money, blankets, buffalo robes, a stock of flour and other provisions, wagon, horses, and harness. The animals and the harness are all that he ever recovered back. He has borne it all like a true hero, and he truly has the spirit of a hero; but he confesses a to the feelings common to men who feel the ties of kindred, and especially of those who must look to him as their support. It does seem that such a man ought to be spared the jeers and insults of even those who maliciously traduced him before his worst misfortune fell upon him.—Wretches still pursue him. None others will.

MANUMISSION OF SLAVES.—A very interesting scene occurred yesterday at the Probate Court, and as it is national in its character, we desire to call attention of political philosophers of every section of the Union to it. There is nothing new in the affair, but nevertheless it involves an unanswered problem, and one which politicians generally avoid.

Anthony Gustave, recently a slave of Heloise Cory of New Orleans; and Lucy, a negro woman about forty years of age, and her child four years old, late the property of Charles De Blanc, also of New Orleans, had their manumission papers recorded in the Probate Court yesterday. Mr. Leonce Boudousquie, of that city, executed the power of attorney for them. They are now citizens of Ohio, and will henceforth endeavor to do here what the Republican State of Louisiana prohibit their class from doing.—*Cin. Gaz.*

From the Missouri Democrat.

THE DOY TRIAL.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., June 24, 1859.

The Doy trial is closed, and Dr. John Doy found guilty, and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. To say that such a finding of the jury is an outrage, and in open violation of the evidence in the case, is only a mild expression of the feelings of every unprejudiced and right-minded man who attended the former or the present trial.

The following I clip from the *Journal* of this city:

"The State had from the Court an instruction which it had not at the previous trial. It was in substance that the jury might infer guilt from circumstances. This, together with Doy's confession while imprisoned in Weston, to wit: That he believed that he was serving both the laws of God and his country when engaged in assisting slaves in making their escape from their masters, and that he had been engaged in the business before, and if acquitted he would engage in it again with more energy than ever, also a memoranda of a survey for an U. G. R. R., found on his person, and other circumstances elicited from witnesses when coming into conjunction with the above instances, was considered too strong evidence for the jury to find a verdict of acquittal.

"We learn, however, that a lapse of thirty days will take place before the sentence will be put in execution; during which time the prisoner will, probably, make an attempt to have the decision reversed by the Supreme Court."

The testimony is, in amount, the same, only Mayor Wood was present. His *testimony* was more favorable than his *statement* read before. Yet, the Judge makes the above new ruling; and here, permit me to say, that while I denounce the above new instruction of the Judge, I will say that all his decisions, instructions and rulings before, were strictly impartial. The *belief* of Doy, and his statements of what he had done and would do, made use of to convict him, were given as testimony by a man who, in the honest belief of all the reporters in the former trial; perjured himself—he only being able to remember parts of what Doy said and all those portions of Doy's remarks strongly against him. At this trial he was conveniently absent, and his testimony, as printed in one of the newspapers, used: the version used being meagre and not showing his many inconsistencies and contradictions. I think the counsel for the defense made an error in agreeing to receive the report of his testimony, as offered; for none of the evidence was taken down by a thoroughly skilled reporter.

The "memoranda," spoken of in the above extract, was not proven to be Doy's, nor was there anything in it that should properly have influenced a jury.

The charge against Dr. Doy was, that he enticed the slave Dick from the state of Missouri. The evidence failed to show that Dr. Doy was ever in the state of Missouri; while it conclusively proved that the boy Dick left Missouri *with a pass from his master*, allowing him to do so, and that Jno. Doy never saw him until after he reached Lawrence.

Further comment is unnecessary; the whole transaction is a libel upon the freedom of an American citizen; in open violation of justice, and only paralleled by the English state trials in Ireland.

If the Supreme Court of Missouri does not grant a new trial, they deserve the execration of every honest heart and unprejudiced man, but I cannot think the highest court of any State could be guilty of so great injustice as to refuse a new trial, with the features of this case fairly before them.

Had the same force of reporters been present in the court room, as on the former trial, I do not believe he would have been convicted, nor that the Judge would have granted the new instruction. But we all felt confident that he would be acquitted, as there was less excitement than before. The result plainly shows that even slavery, in her strongholds, fears the free unrammeled press of the country.

The citizens of Kansas feel justly indignant, and if Doy goes to Jefferson City, slave property on the border will be more unsafe than ever. This trial, if adverse in its results, will breed more Underground Railroads than the mere sight of slavery could in ten years. The river here is high, and is rising slowly. Yours, E.

THE KIDNAPPERS IN TOWN

The four kidnappers, with Marshal Johnson and District Attorney Belden, paid our town a visit last Saturday, on business connected with the trials which commence to-day. They were designing to play a smart game, but providence did not permit them to carry out their designs. Their intention was to surrender themselves to the Probate Judge, and be remanded to the custody of Sheriff Burr, when they were to be taken to Cleveland on writs of *habeas corpus*, which the Marshal had in his pocket, and be discharged by Judge Wilson.

To make sure of their plan, it was necessary to have Judge Doolittle and Sheriff Burr present. Burr had gone to Brownhelm to sell some property, and Johnson posted a man after him, with orders for him to return immediately, as he "had important business with him." The Sheriff politely informed the messenger that if Marshal Johnson had any business with him, he could come where he was, as he should not return until he had finished his business. The officials thought they "smelt woolen," and posted "Pious brother Jennings" at the bridge to watch for Burr, so that they could "levy" on him when he returned. At eight o'clock he returned, bowed to the distinguished candidate for the Kentucky Legislature, as he passed him, and after putting his horse in the barn went to see his legal adviser, where he was engaged the remainder of the evening.

The next morning he was waited upon by the Marshal, who offered to attend to the business, but he informed him that Lorain county Officers kept the Sabbath, and he must defer it until Monday. During the day the officials gave notice to Mr. Shelden and R. G. Herr, that they should return to Cleveland and appear again on Tuesday morning. Thereupon, Mr. Doolittle, being informed of the fact, started for Painesville at 8 o'clock Monday morning, and when they emerged from their rooms thinking they could now accomplish their purpose, they were taken all aback again on learning of the absence of the Judge. They swore and raved like madmen, and finally the Marshal went through the farce of attempting to deliver the prisoners into the hands of the Sheriff, without the aid of the Court, as the law provides. This game didn't work, and they finally took the cars for Cleveland, swearing they would not appear in this d—d town again.

They did appear yesterday morning, however, and after stepping a short time returned to Cleveland on the first train. We shall keep our readers fully advised of future events connected with this exciting matter.—*Elyria Democrat, July 5th.*

THE KIDNAPPING CASE.

The kidnapping cases of Jacob K. Lowe, Daniel Davis, Anderson Jennings, and Richard P. Mitchell, are set for to-day in Lorain Common Pleas. Jennings, Mitchell and Bacon, the Kentucky Slave owner and catchers, have been in this quarter and Canada for some days, making thorough search by agents and otherwise in the Queen's free domain for the Rescued John. Failing to find him, and acting on the advice of Belden, the Government counsel provided by the Administration at Washington, they have been trying to escape merited justice and a trial in Lorain, through a writ of Habeas Corpus, issued by Judge McLean, and made returnable to McLean or Willson. Marshal Johnson's engineering of the writ is worth recording.

Early Saturday morning Jennings called on Sheriff Burr, at Elyria, who was just harnessing his horse to attend a sale advertised in a distant part of the county, and told him Marshal Johnson was in town, and enquired when he would be back. He was told at night. Jennings left and Burr went on his business. Johnson called at the Sheriff's office and found him absent. He dispatched a messenger for the Sheriff, but the Lorain officer sent word back that the Marshal could come to him if his business was urgent. On the Sheriff's return at evening, Jennings accosted him by the saddle. Having other business to transact, after putting out his horse, the Sheriff went about it, and Johnson and Jennings had to forego the pleasure of an interview until Sunday morning. The U. S. Marshal enquired of the Sheriff if he received prisoners on Sunday. The reply was he did on proper papers. Johnson wished to surrender the kidnappers, but admitted he had no order to do so from the Lorain Court. The Sheriff of course declined to receive them. The Marshal and his worthy associates left the jail and took possession of the Sheriff's office in the Court House. Sheriff Burr followed, and politely notified the *pious* gentlemen that he did not keep his office open for business on Sunday, turned them out, and turned the key. The whole party had leisure for devotions till Monday.

Monday morning the kidnappers, their bail and Government counsel and officials were on hand bright and early to get the indicted into jail or the custody of the Lorain Sheriff, by some sort of sharp practice. Foiled in this, for the Sheriff knew his duty too well to receive them without an order from Court, the baffled and enraged U. S. Attorney Belden directed the Marshal to serve the writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge McLean on Sheriff Burr. This was done, and yesterday the Sheriff appeared at the U. S. Court House in this city and made return of the writ that the persons named therein were not in his custody, which return was accepted, and the Sheriff returned to open Court in Lorain and call the kidnappers to trial today.

The Hon. Mr. Stanton, of Kentucky, has come up to defend the Kentuckians. Mr. Cochran, the Mason county Clerk, is also on hand. The Habeas Corpus movement to obtain a discharge by U. S. Judges looks very much as though a trial is not courted to say the most, and the street reports yesterday afternoon were that the counsel of the Kentuckians and U. S. officials had made a proposition to the Lorain authorities to *compromise all round!* We shall see what we shall see.—*Leader of July 6th.*

SICKLES ON THE STREET.—The New York correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, writes the following:

Mr. Sickles is shunned by his old political associates. He walks Broadway, and fastens upon every leading man to walk with him. They cannot shake him off. Sickles joined a leading statesman in Broadway, near Grace Church, one fine morning last week, and walked by his side for about two blocks, when the gentleman apologised to Sickles for leaving him to buy a book in a store. Sickles said he would wait. The gentleman went into the New York Hotel. Sickles waited until he came out. It was of no use. The gentleman stopped at Stewart's to buy a pair of gloves, and staid purposely half an hour. It was with no success. Sickles waited, and walked down with the other to Wall street. His political power has gone, and his sole aim now is to be recognized as of old. It won't do. His old friends do not wish to be seen with him, or to endorse him any way. Mr. Sickles will never be heard of again. He will attempt to claim his seat next December, but even that will fail him. Facts are against him. He was not fairly elected, and Mr. Williamson, his opponent, will claim and will get the seat.

THE FUNERAL OF DR. BAILEY, late Editor of the *National Era*, took place yesterday morning. The first branch of the religious services were performed in Trinity Church by the Rev. Dr. Butler, and they were very impressive. In his remarks on the character and history of the deceased, Dr. Butler eloquently portrayed the high sense of right and the steady devotion to what he deemed the true and the excellent that had distinguished him, all set off with a modesty, dignity, and charity of spirit worthy of remembrance and emulation. At the close of this branch of the services the body was taken to the Congress Burial Ground, where the solemn and beautiful service at the grave which belongs to the ritual of the Episcopal Church was read, and the body committed to its resting place. The attendance of sorrowing friends and acquaintances, both at the church and burial ground, was numerous, all exhibiting in their manner and expression the sense of the loss sustained by society and themselves in their friend's decease, and of the bereavement suffered by those fondly loved ones whose present and future well-being was one of the thoughts the very closest to the heart of a most faithful and devoted husband and father.—*National Intelligencer.*

THE LAST GREAT BATTLE—HORRORS OF WAR.

The sixteen hours battle was fought at Solferino. It is stated that 35,000 Austrians were placed *hors du combat*, that 7,000 were taken prisoners, and that 16 flags and 35 cannon were captured by the Allies. Despatches also intimate that the French army suffered so severely as to be unable to resume the offensive without reinforcements. Reports put the French loss in killed and wounded at 12,000.

The Austrian troops crossed the Mincio for the purpose of attacking the French with their whole force, but had to abandon their position. They withdrew, re-crossed the river, and blew up the bridges at Gorbia. The Austrian despatches admit that they were obliged to retire after suffering very heavy losses. The Austrians are preparing for another great battle under Gen Hess.

Napoleon, during the dreadful struggle, was in the thickest of the fight. In a despatch of the 25th of June to Empress Eugenie he says "the army withdrew last night, and I slept in a room occupied in the morning by the Emperor of Austria."

Some of the horrors of war may be judged by the fact that within the past three weeks between eighty and a hundred thousand men have been killed and wounded in the struggle in Italy, and the war is but just begun!

WHY SO MUCH BEAUTY IN POLAND?—Because,' says Bayard Taylor, 'there girls do not jump from infancy to young ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle to the parlor, to dress, to sit still, and look pretty. No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take in sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Nor are they rendered delicate and dyspeptic by continual stuffing with candies and sweet cakes, as are the majority of American children. Plain, simple food, free and various exercise, and abundance of sunshine during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life."

Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING WEST.

LEAVE	EXPRESS.	MAIL.	NY'K EXPRESS
Pittsburg	12.15 a.m.	6.50 a.m.	12.50 p.m.
Columbiana		9.22 a.m.	3.16 p.m.
Salem	2.41 a.m.	9.47 a.m.	3.42 p.m.
Alliance	3.07 a.m.	10.15 a.m.	4.10 p.m.

GOING EAST.

LEAVE	EXPRESS.	MAIL.	NY'K EXPRESS
Crestline	12.25 p.m.	7.00 a.m.	7.33 p.m.
Alliance	4.25 p.m.	11.30 a.m.	11.11 p.m.
Salem	5.12 p.m.	12.18 p.m.	11.49 p.m.
Columbiana	5.37 p.m.	12.44 p.m.	12 m.

Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS AT ALLIANCE.

	GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
Mail	4.37 a. m.	12.20 p. m.
Accommodation	8.22 a. m.	7.40 p. m.
Express	4.28 p. m.	11.09 p. m.

A CALL

FOR A CONVENTION OF THE COLORED CITIZENS OF THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

FELLOW CITIZENS: We issue this call to invite you to attend a Convention to be held in the City of Boston commencing at 10 o'clock on Monday, the 1st day of August, 1859.

The primary object we have in view is, to take into consideration the Moral, Social, and Political elevation of those with whom we are identified, by complexion and condition, in the New England and other States.

In all, except five of the eastern States, the colored citizens are deprived of the privileges of voting on equal terms with the whites.

Free suffrage is the basis of a free government, the safeguard of a free people, the strength of the strong, the defence of the weak, a powerful auxiliary to respectability, wealth and usefulness; and just in proportion as men are deprived of this, they are shorn of their strength, and are subject to poverty, disgrace, and abuse.

We are convinced, fellow citizens, that not only our political, but our depressed condition in all other respects in the Free States, is owing in a great degree to the fact, that we are politically weak, not possessing the unrestricted use of the elective franchise. The national body politic see in us nothing to fear, and no favors to court.

We therefore urge upon colored men in all sections of New England, to evince their self-respect and love of freedom, a device to promote their moral, social, and political elevation, by assembling at the above time,—a day consecrated by the signal and successful example of Great Britain emancipating 800,000 men, women, and children in her West India colonies, and hence eminently suggestive to us to strive in securing equality to the half free colored citizens of the Northern States, and thus hasten the day of full emancipation to the millions yet groaning in the Southern prison-house of our country.

We cordially invite our brethren from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the far West, to meet with us, that the cause of our several grievances may be discussed, and the remedy sought.

With the exception of Connecticut, the New England States have magnanimously acknowledged our political rights, and great progress has been made in our moral and social elevation within the past twenty-five years. But let us, fellow citizens, extend the words of encouragement to our brethren struggling in other States, until the rights of colored Americans shall be granted and respected everywhere.

This call issued by authority of a public meeting held at Bethel Church, Boston, Tuesday, May 3, 1859.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN,
LEWIS HAYDEN,
WILLIAM C. NELL,
JEREMIAH HARVEY,
JOHN J. SMITH,
NELSON L. PERKINS,
HENRY WEEDEN,
Committee.

MARCK R. DEMORTIE,
GEORGE L. RUFFIN,
Secretaries.

ANOTHER LOT OF GROCERIES!!!

8 hhs. prime N. O. Sugar, to arrive.
20 bbls. do do Molasses.
20 bbls. choice refined Sugar.
5 bbls. Golden Syrup.
30 bbls. choice Southern Flour.
200 bbls. Extra Pittsburg SALT, *which will be kept dry.*
Also a general assortment choice Groceries.
J. DEMING.
Salem, July 2, 1859.

24 BBLS. EXTRA (SOUTHERN)
WHITE WHEAT FLOUR
will be sold at reasonably low rates.
J. DEMING.
Salem, June 25, 1859.

AGENTS WANTED,
To travel and solicit orders for the celebrated Patent Fifteen Dollar Sewing Machines. Salary $80 per month, with all expenses paid. Address, with stamp, I. M. DACHETT & CO.,
June 25,-6w. Boston, Mass.

BOARDING HOUSE.
WILLIAM STILL'S
Genteel Boarding House,
AT
No. 822 South Street, below Ninth,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PHILADELPHIA REFERENCES.
Rev. STEPHEN SMITH, Rev. WM. DOUGLASS,
Rev. JACOB C. WHITE, MR. WM. H. RILEY,
MR. THOS. J. DORSEY, MR. WM. WHIPPER.
April 2.-1y. Pp'd.

DR. R. B. RUSH,
HOMŒOPATHIST,
Office three Doors West of the Wilson House,
SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN STREET, SALEM, OHIO,
Where he may be found ready at all times to attend to calls in the profession.
Salem, June 4th, 1859.—1y.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

The general approbation of the intelligent reading public, and the increasing circulation of this Magazine, furnish the conductors with ample proof that its aims are appreciated, and that it has met an acknowledged want. The general features which have given THE ATLANTIC its popularity hitherto will be carefully preserved and new attractions will be added from time to time.

The pages of the ATLANTIC are stereotyped, and back numbers can be supplied.

TERMS.—Three dollars per annum, or twenty five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the Publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, prepaid. Subscriptions may begin with either the fifth or any subsequent number. The postage of the "Atlantic" is 36 cents a year if prepaid.

CLUBS.

For Ten Dollars the Publishers will send five copies of the ATLANTIC for one year, the subscribers to pay their own postage.

Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters will receive the work for Two Dollars a year.

Booksellers and Newsmen will obtain the terms by the hundred, etc., upon application to the Publishers.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY,
13, Winter Street, Boston.

GOOD BUSINESS STAND FOR SALE.

I now offer for sale my

Store and Lot,
(DWELLING ATTACHED,)

with suitable out-buildings. The said premises are situated on the North side of Main street, Salem, Ohio, between Thomas & Greiner's and the Farmers' Banks.

I also offer for sale my entire stock of Goods which consists of a general assortment of

CHOICE GROCERIES!

all will be sold CHEAP for cash, or part on time.

For sale—10 hhds. prime N. O. Sugar,
6 bbls. refined do. do.
15 bbls. prime Molasses, (oak pgs.)
Also a general assortment of Choice Groceries.
Salem, May 28, 1859. JOHN DEMMING.

FARQUHAR HOUSE.
EAST END OF MAIN STREET,
Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio.
J. Watson, Clerk, W. W. ALLEN, Ag't.
☞ Passengers conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. ☜

BROADWAY
CLOTH & CLOTHING
HOUSE,
SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.
[SIGN OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.]

The Largest and Cheapest Clothing House in the country! Our large assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing is all of our own make, and made up of Goods bought directly of the Manufacturers and Importers, and all articles are Guaranteed as Represented to the purchaser. Our stock of Furnishing Goods comprises everything in the line of

Men and
Boys. We Have
constantly on hand a large and varied
assortment of Seasonable Piece Goods
of Every description, adapted to
Men's and
Boy's Wear,
which we will
sell by the yard, or
make up to order in a
superior manner. It is
well known that our Cutter,
Mr. Cowen, stands unsurpassed
in his profession, and that we
keep the best workmen to make up our work.
Our motto is "*Ready Pay—Quick Sales and Small Profits!!*" Goods received from the East weekly. Fashions received monthly.

N. B.—We have opened a House at
ALLIANCE, STARK COUNTY, OHIO,
in the new and elegant store-room, west end of the Buckeye House, where Goods can be bought at the same low rates as at our house in Salem.

We thank the Public for their past liberal patronage and shall use every exertion to merit its continuance and increase.

H. WEEKS & CO.,
Sign of the American Flag.
May 14, 1859.

1859.] APRIL 26th. [1859

JUST OPENED!!!
Spring and Summer Goods,
Which will be sold to CASH BUYERS at a very
SMALL ADVANCE ON COST!!
LADIES' DRESS GOODS!!
New and Rich Styles, Varieties, and Patterns,
and All Kinds of Fabrics!!
Gloves in Endless Variety! Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbons!!
SHAWLS! SHAWLS! SHAWLS! SHAWLS! SHAWLS!
Shirts, Silk, and Crape!!!
WHITE GOODS! MEN'S WEAR BOOTS AND SHOES!!
GROCERIES! GROCERIES! GROCERIES!
QUEENSWARE! HARDWARE!
Clothing—Ready Made, and Made to Order!
☞ All these Goods will be sold very low. ☜
J. HEATON.
April 30.-tf.

BLANK DEEDS, Mortgages, Judgment Notes, Executions and Summons for sale at this Office.

Miscellaneous.

THE PRISONER'S GUEST.

"A little child shall lead them."—Isaiah.

"Can you tell me where's the State Prison?" said a timid, trembling voice.

The company of urchins playing on the outskirts of Auburn, paused, and the largest of them answered; "You see whar that old engine's a puffin, don't you—well, its right across the road."

"You'll see the great high walls in a minute," said another.

"And you'll see the men walking on 'em, with their guns," chimed in a third; "better walk straighter'n than that, or they'll pint to you."

The mischievous looking group went on teasing a poor, three-footed mastiff, and the little heated traveler drew his form up more erect, and hurried on.

He stood by the gate. "Will you please to let me come in, sir? my father's here."

The gate-keeper looked up from his toil, lifted his hat deliberately, wiped the moisture from his face, and pocketing his handkerchief advanced slowly, turned the key, and admitted the boy.

He passed up the stone steps into the reception hall. Presently the chaplain entered.

"My father's here, and I would like to see him," said the child, hardly knowing whether to hope or fear.

"How long has he been here?"

"This is the second year," and the child's lip quivered. His questioner hesitated. "They said father stole some horses, and then took him to prison; but mother don't think he did," and the blue eyes glistened with earnest trusting faith.

"What is his name, my little fellow?" and Mr. Mann took the small hand on the settee-arm in his own.

"Charles Winfield."

"What kind of a looking man is—or was he?

"He was real good-looking—had black eyes and white teeth, and nice whiskers—he used to buy me pretty primers, and let me drive the horses, and a great many things; my name is Charley, too, though most everybody calls me 'Charley.'"

"And you are lonesome without your father?"

Charley essayed to answer, but something in his throat hindered.

"You shall see him in about an hour," said Mr. Mann, who for a while sat lost in thought.

He knew Charles Winfield well—he had known him years before. In early youth they had been for nearly a year room-mates in the Seminary at L———. They parted as Freshmen, cherishing high hopes and bright anticipations. Ten years passed, and they met as prisoner and chaplain! "By the grace of God I am what I am," was Mr. Mann's mental exclamation, as he met and recognized his early friend.

Winfield was hasty and impulsive, but good hearted, intelligent and handsome; evil associates and a comfortable fortune proved his ruin.

That morning Mr. Mann had visited Winfield's cell, for he was just recovering from an attempt to end his life.

That afternoon he was again put to work. Mr. Mann sought the carpet-factory, the department in which Mr. Winfield labored.

"How does he appear?" said Mr. Mann, advancing to the keeper's stand.

"Well," said the smooth personage, relieving his face of its quid-encumbrance, "he wants a tol'able stiff hand—but then, there's more man than animal about him, and the man's the part to touch; some you see'll bend like a young hickory and some'll break first—it wants a pretty good judge of human natur' to deal with 'em;" and the self satisfied air of the speaker ignored all acquaintance with bad management on his part.

"His mind is in a very critical state just now; be careful and not irritate him," said Mr. Mann by way of a final.

The signal for closing sounded.

The prisoners defiled in at the lower stone door. Winfield reached hesitatingly for his ratio of mush and molasses; he had eaten nothing since morning, but hunger was only a drop in his cup of misery. That day, in bitterness and blindness, the prisoner had cursed his God. That day the spirit within had chafed and fretted like a frenzied demon.

Winfield paid no heed to the knock at his door. The slide was moved. "Mr. Winfield, we want to come in—there's a little fellow out here has a claim upon you." He started: "A claim to make you more miserable," said a voice in his heart.

They turned the key, and the door swung heavily in. Pale and haggard sat the prisoner on his cot—his evening meal untasted. He looked up wildly.

"Charley!"

"Father, father, is it you?"

The chaplain and his attendant drew back. The passionate hold of the parent relaxed; some words were spoken. Charley forgot the cell and striped apparel—his blue eyes lit up with joy—he had found his father! Finally the husband found voice to say, "How is your mother, Charley?—does she ever say anything about me," he whispered, clasping the child closer to his bosom.

"O, she cries so much," said Charley; "and she prays every night for you—we all do, too, though little Fannie, she can't pray much—all that she can say is, 'God please let my papa come home,'" and for a moment, Charley seemed to plume himself with superior attainments. "We go to meeting every Sabbath since mother's joined the church and I go to Sabbath school," continued Charley.

For some minutes Mr. Winfield did not speak.

"Who came with you Charley?" was the question mechanically put.

"I came all alone—this morning. Uncle James took mother over to his house, to stay till to-morrow night, and I was going to grandpa's—they didn't expect me, so I thought I'd come out here—I wanted to see you so bad, father?" and Charley laid back his head on the thin shoulder, and stroked the pale cheeks fondly.

"You have to wear this coat Sunday?" asked Charley, twirling his finger in the button-hole. "Mother has made me one out of your green one—it has real pretty buttons on, too—Fannie's got a new red dress and cape, and a little white bonnet she wears, and she will carry ma's hymn-book and hold it open when they sing. How much longer before you can come home, father?" asked the child, timidly, with a sigh.

"Home!" the word thrilled him; it vibrated strangely and sweetly; its memories were like apples of gold.

"Where will you sleep to-night, my little son?" said the parent, triumphing over the prisoner.

Mr. Mann heard the question—pushing back the door, he said, "I will take care of your son, sir, and perhaps he had better retire with me, now—he must be hungry, I think."

"I don't know but I had ought to go back to grandpa's to-night—Uncle James said there would be a bright moon."

"How far is it?" asked Mr. Mann.

"It's fifteen miles, but I ain't afraid of anything," said Charley, with a resolute air.

"I expect to go several miles his way, early in the morning. Mr. Winfield, and will make the best arrangements I can for him, so Charley, I guess we had better go," said Mr. Mann taking his hand.

"Shan't I see my father again?" was the earnest question.

The child and the parent parted.

When the next evening came, Mr. Mann sought the cell of his friend. He felt that then was the convict's day of visitation. And so it was. Finally he yielded to the Spirit's will; finally it was said of him as of Saul, "Behold, he prayeth!" Days and nights of despairing doubt succeeded. Could the blood of Christ wash out moral turpitude! Could the promise of the All-forgiving be extended to him! Still the living voice of dulcimer sweetness sounded—"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow!" "The Spirit and the Bride say, *Come!*" He cast himself upon the mercy of Jesus; the pardon came—his acceptance was bright and convincing.

"Write the good news to my wife," said Mr. Winfield to the chaplain; "tell her by the blessing of God, Charley's visit has proved to me a savor of life unto life."

The prison-term has closed, and the united family walk together in the ordinances of the Sacred Word.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

BUT ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

An old wife sat by her fireside,
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro,
In an ancient chair whose creaky crow
Told a tale of long ago;
While down by her side on the kitchen floor,
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dosed o'er the latest news,
Till the light of his pipe went out;
And unheeded, the kitten with cunning paws,
Rolled out and tangled the balls about;
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,
Swaying to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon, a misty tear-drop came
In her eye of faded blue,
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,
Like a single drop of dew:
So deep was the channel—so silent the stream,
The good man saw naught but the dimm'd eye beam.

Yet marveled he much that the light
Of her eye had weary grown,
And marveled he more at the tangled balls—
So he said in a gentle tone:
"I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow,
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there
Was filled to the very brim,
And now there remained of the goodly pile
But a single pair—for him;
Then wonder not at the dimmed eye-light:
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

I cannot but think of the busy feet,
Whose wrapings were wont to lay
In the basket, awaiting the needle's time—
Now wandered so far away;
How the sprightly steps to a mother dear
Unheeded fell on the careless ear.

For each empty nook, in the basket old,
By the hearth there's an empty seat,
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,
And the patter of many feet;
'Tis for this that a tear gathered o'er my sight;
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

'Twas said that far through the forest wild
And over the mountains bold,
Was a land whose rivers and darkening caves,
Were gemmed with the fairest gold;
Then my first-born turned from the oaken door,
And I knew the shadows were only four.

Another went forth on the foaming wave
And diminished the basket's store—
But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold—
They'll never be warm any more—
And this nook in its emptiness, seemeth to me,
To give forth no voice but the moaning sea.

Two others have gone toward the setting sun,
And made them a home in its light,
And fairy fingers have taken their share,
To mend by the fireside bright;
Some other baskets their garments fill—
But mine! Oh! mine is emptier still.

Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best—
Was taken by the angels away,
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,
In a land of continual day,
O! wonder no more at the dimmed eye-light,
While I mend the one pair of stockings to-night.

AVOIDING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Brothers Crump and Noel were members of the church, and both clever, honest men, who paid their taxes and debts, as the same annually accrued, with a regularity at once christian and commendable. If, when the settling day came round, Brother Noel was "short," Brother Crump was sure to be in funds, and, on the other hand, it almost seemed providential how, if Brother Crump fell "behind," Brother Noel always had a surplus. Thus, borrowing from and lending to each other, worshipping at the same church and living a mile apart, an intimacy gradually ripened between them; so at last they did not hesitate to speak in the frankest and most familiar manner to each other, even in regard to their respective foibles.

Now, it came to pass that brother Crump, during the liveliest period of the cotton season, drove into Watumpka and disposed of his "crop" of ten bales, at the very fair price of twelve and a half cents per pound. It was more than he expected, and, as the world was easy with him, he determined to invest, and did actually invest a portion of the proceeds of the sale of the cotton in a barrel of Western whiskey, paying therefor at the rate of precisely two pounds of middling cotton for one gallon of "do," whiskey. Of course it was "noised in the settlement" that old Crump had bought a whole barrel, and after a few weeks people began to observe that his nose grew redder and his eyes more moist. The idea that Brother Crump was "drinking too much" diffused itself in the neighborhood, until, as one might say, it became epidemical. People talked and talked—more especially "what few of other denominations of Christians there were thereabout."

Brother Noel was 'sore troubled' at the scandal, and especially regretted the injury it brought to Sharon. So one morning he stopped over to Brother Crump's and found the old man in a doze in the little porch.

"Won't you take a dram?" asked Brother Crump, as soon as he was made aware of the presence of his neighbor. "Why, yes; I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece. "Don't you think, Brother Noel," said Crump, "that spirits is a blessin?" "Yes," replied Noel, "spirits is a blessin that some of us abuses." "Well, now, brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessin?" "Well, it is hard to say—but people talk—don't you think that you drink a little too much, Brother Crump?" "It is hard to say," returned Crump. "Sometimes I've thought I was drinkin too much, and then agin I'd think maybe not. What is man? A weak worrum of the dust! So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was a goin' too far in sperits. I put the whole 'sponsibility on him; I prayed of I was drinkin' too much for him to take away my apetite for sperits." Here Brother Noel groaned piously, and asked: "What then, Brother Crump?" "And replied Crump, "I've prayed that prayer three times, and he hain't done it. So I'm clear of the 'sponsibility, any way."

"The Lord's will be done!" ejaculated Noel, and after taking another dram he went home, thinking all the while how cleverly Brother Crump had cleared the responsibility.—*Alabama paper.*

AQUARIUMS.

The *Boston Traveler*, in some account of the Aquarial Gardens in Boston, says:

"It is not an open-air exhibition, as might, at first, be supposed, but may be found in a hall of good size, at 21 Broomfield street. A table has been placed entirely around the room, upon which are transparent tanks, thirty-four in number, varying in size from 2 feet 8 inches to 4 feet 4 inches, with one measuring 6 feet 6 inches in diameter, and hold from 20 to 100 gallons of fresh and salt water. These tanks are made of plate glass, so that everything within them can be seen. They are furnished with rocks, sand, sea-weed, and from eight hundred to a thousand varieties of fish; and visitors can seat themselves one side of these artificial ponds, and thus, at their leisure, watch the eccentric movements of the fish.

"Hours may be spent in noticing the singular habits of the animals, as they siese and devour their prey, or play or sport in the water as freely as though they were in the ocean or river where they first saw life. In one of these transparent tanks is a pair of the stickle-back fish that have attracted the attention of the curious. A few days ago, the female deposited her spawn in a nest which had been prepared by her mate. The male then took possession of the nest, guarded it with the most watchful care, fighting off the female, who seemed disposed, according to the habit of the fish, to eat up the spawn. At his leisure, the male would take up in its little mouth bits of pebbles, and place them around the nest to protect it from the action of the water. Having done this, it proceeded to spin a web—in appearance precisely like the spider's—across the nest, as an additional protection.

"In the various ponds may be seen the trout, perch, flounder, turtle, eel, pickerel, horn-pout, sea-raven, sculpin, dandy-crab, sea-urchin, tautog, bass, pipe-fish, medusa, or jelly-fish, &c., &c. In one of the larger tanks are tautog and bass which are two years old. They were caught when very small, and are now perfectly tame. In the centre of the hall is a large acquarium, measuring 6 feet 6 inches in diameter, in which the proprietors, Messrs. Cutting and Butler, will place in a few days a couple of sharks and a dolphin. The fish are regularly fed once a day on the common garden worm. They devour large quantities."

ENGRAVING BANK NOTES.

The engraving of bank notes in this country is effected by a very skillful and ingenious process.—All the lines composing the engraving of bank plate are indented or sunk below the surface of a smooth, flat steel plate. On examining a bank note, it is seen to be composed of a number of parts of pictures, which are variously designated as vignettes, end pieces, counters, title, &c. Each one of the pictures or parts alluded to is originally engraved on a separate flat piece of unhardened steel, a little larger that the design, and about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. When the engraving on these is finished, they are hardened by being plunged into a bath of water or other liquid, and are then called bed-plates. They are now ready for what is termed the transferring operation. The transferring presses are machines so contrived by a combination of levers and other mechanical appliances, to obtain the greatest possible pressure upon a small space. A hardened steel bed-plate, containing an engraving, is placed upon the platform of one of these presses, and a roller of soft steel, generally about two inches and a half in diameter, is made to roll backward and forward over its surface several times, under an enormous pressure. By this operation an exact reverse of the vignette on the bedplate is obtained, every minute indented line of the engraving represented by a corresponding raised line on the surface of the roller. This roller, after being hardened, is called a die, and the reversed engraving upon its surface to the one above, can now be transferred to any part of a steel bank note plate. In this way perfect fac-similies of the original vignette can be multiplied to infinitude, and the tedious and expensive operation of copying and engraving is saved. Bank note engravers take up a die from all the work of any importance that they have engraved. The ornamental ovals, circles, borders, &c., are engraved by intricate machines, called geometric lathes, some of which are wonderful specimens of skill and ingenuity.

From the Anglist

NARROW MINDEDNESS.

The Pennsylvania Medical Society recently adopted a resolution recommending "the members of the regular profession to withhold from the faculties and graduates of Female Medical Colleges all countenance and support, and that they cannot consistently with sound *medical ethics* consult or hold professional intercourse with their professors or alumni." The Female Medical Colleges in that State are strictly Allopathic; and it is only fair to suppose that the objection to these institutions, on the part of the "regulars," is because they permit women to be educated to usefulness. It is a specimen, not of "sound medical ethics," or of 'common sense," but rather of a petty, jealous and arbitrary disposition. The Philadelphia *Dispatch* well comments as follows:—

"Shame upon the men who, while prating about their respectability, would combine to rob women of the means of supporting themselves and their families. Such infinitesimal littleness cannot benefit them. The public are ever willing to aid the weak and support them against the strong. The war against women cannot be sustained by the public voice; it will recoil upon and injure those who are so arbitrary and selfish as to endeavor to interfere with them."

AN ANCIENT TOAST.

It was a grand day in the old chivalric time; the wine circling around the board in a noble hall, and the sculptured walls rang with sentiment and song. The lady of knightly heart was pledged aloud by name, and many a syllable significant of loveliness had been uttered, until it came to St. Leon's turn, when, lifting the sparkling cup on high:

"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
'Till memory is dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last,
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed more keenly felt,
Than any pledged to you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid his hand upon his sword,
With fury flashing eyes;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another,
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My Mother."

BROKER'S TECHNICALITIES.

Thompson's Bank Note Reporter thus defines some of the phrases used in the stock circles and by the newspapers.

A bull is one who buys stocks on speculation, thinking they will rise, so that he can sell at a profit. It is to his interest to have stocks rise, and he will resort to every means to bring about the desired result.

A bear is one who sells stocks on speculation, thinking they will fall, so that he can buy in for less money to fill his contracts. It is to his interest to break down the market, and he will resort to the most desperate means to accomplish his object.

A corner is when the bears cannot buy or borrow the stock to deliver in fulfilment of their contracts.

A deposit is earnest money, lodged in the hands of a third party as a guaranty: "5 up" "10 up," ect., is the language expressive of a deposite.

Overloaded, is when the bulls cannot take and pay for the stock they have purchased.

Short is when a person or party sells stocks when they have none, and expect to buy or borrow them in time to deliver.

Long is when a person or party has a plentiful supply of stocks.

A flyer, is to buy some stock with a view of selling it in a few days, and either make or lose, as luck will have it.

A wash is a pretended sale, by special agreement between the seller and buyer for the purpose of getting a quotation reported.

WEARING WEEDS FOR A DEAD DEVIL.

The English people were greatly shocked when their dumpy queen kissed the ugly Louis Napoleon, and there was much rough British swearing when she tied a garter on his crooked leg on the occasion of investing him with the royal order of the Bath. But what will they say at the announcement just made that "the Court will go into mourning for the late king of Naples for ten days, commencing on Thursday next, the 9th inst." Such is the announcement of the Court Circular, published under the patronage of the Palace at London. For ten days the distinguished attendants of Her Majesty, from the first Lord of the Bedchamber to the lowest lady of the royal wardrobes, to say nothing of other dignitaries of more political import, are to mourn the departure of King Bomba of Naples! He was universally regarded as the worst man in Europe, whether on or off the throne, and his death is to be lamented—as if he had been a great public calamity. The New York Evening post remarking upon this tomfoolery, observes that during the year that has passed the world has lost several of its most eminent men—Humboldt, whose name for nearly a century has been connected with every intellectual labor. Hallam, destined to a permanent place in English literature, De Tocqueville, the most philosophic of statesmen, and Joseph Sturge, the most indefatigable of philanthropists, beside others whose lives have adorned and benefited their kind; but the Court Journal has scarcely so much as chronicled those events, while the demise of the tyrant of Naples, a man with whom the British Government has for many years refused to hold diplomatic relations because of his scandalous and inhuman career, is proclaimed an occasion for tributes of posthumous respect.

Loved and gone.—What little things serve to remind us of the loved and lost! A vacant chair, a pair of little shoes, a single stocking, or a child's plaything, have stories all of them, and make the heart grow soft with sorrow. A mother whose little boy is dead, says; "Out of doors the children are being happy with their sleds, and how they rejoice that the winter is here. In the woodshed hangs my boy's sled; though he will not need it any more. I thought as I looked at it, how he was wishing for snow; and, now it has come he is gone." Sacred is the little sled now. Every time she looks at it she thinks of her boy. It is a mute reminder of the little one that is dead; hanging up by a string just as he left it, it is a something left behind to keep his memory green. A strange pleasure, that she was blessed with his presence once, and sorrow that he is gone, mingle together while she looks at it; the past is a dream and the present, sad reality; but the future is bright with hope.—*N. C. Herald.*

Too Quick.—Although this world is a "thorny waste," it seems some good men are not in a hurry to leave it. The Rev. John Skinner, of Linehart, Longside, while passing along a street in the village, was met by an old woman who was in the habit of begging. As was her practice, she made solicitation for half a penny. On feeling in his pocket, Mr. Skinner discovered that he had not a half penny, but was possessed of a penny piece, which he handed her. The sum being double what was expected, so excited her gratitude that she exclaimed—

"Lord bless you, sir' and may much good attend your family through life. As for yourself, may God take you to your resting-place *this very night.*"

"Thank you, madam, for your good wishes," said Mr. Skinner, "but you need not have been so very *particular about the time.*

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He proposes to spare neither *pains* nor *expense* in keeping pace with the onward march of his profession. His stock of DENTAL MATERIALS is selected by himself at the head of the market; and his past success he trusts to be such as to give assurance that full satisfaction will be given to those who may require his services.

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E. E. Barr, Having just returned from the East, respectfully invites the attention of the Ladies and public in general to her large and carefully selected Stock of Notions and

WHITE GOODS!!

Consisting of all kinds of Fine Muslins, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroidery, Gents' and Ladies' Collars, Flouncings, Edgings and Insertings, Infants' Waists, Porte Monnaies, Buck Purses, Kid Gloves, Belt Clasps, Ribbon Slides, Coral Beads, Cornelian Crosses, Fans, Wristlets, and Notions of all kinds.

Thankful for past favors, we solicit a share of public patronage. The Goods have been selected with much care, and a desire to please. Remember the place—*TWO DOORS WEST of M'MILLAN'S BOOK-STORE, SALEM, OHIO.*

April 30–tf.

MRS. CHURCH,

Botanic Medicine,

HIGH STREET, SALEM, OHIO.

JAMES SMILEY, M. D.

Office and Residence four doors West of WHINERY & FIRESTONE'S DRUG STORE, South side of Main Street, Salem, Ohio.

Salem, July 31st. 1858.

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J. & L. Schilling

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FIRST LARGE STOCK OF

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Amongst which may be found the GREATEST BARGAINS ever offered in Eastern Ohio. Our Stock comprises a Large and Varied Assortment of

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Black and Fancy Dress Silks, Paris Style Mantillas,

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Jan, 29, 1859.–tf.

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Builders, Farmers and others are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock before purchasing, as I am determined to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

D. WALTON.

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